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Week of April 2, 1944

Zodiac Girls
by Willy Pogany
Aries

ARIES, "The Ram," is the first sign of the zodiac. In Greek legend Phrixus and Helle fled from a wicked stepmother on a ram with golden fleece. Helle fell into the strait between Asia and Europe, which was thereafter called the Hellespont. Phrixus, reaching land safely, sacrificed the ram to Zeus, who placed it in the heavens.

(See Next Page)

Trapped by the Freaks of His *Cripple Factory*

The Strange Parade of Malformed Beggars Hobbled and Crawled Into the Courtroom to Expose the Racket of Their Evil Boss.

IF A REPORT that has filtered out of the Province of Tucuman in Argentina is true—and there are plenty of people in South America who believe it—the police are on the trail of one of the most evil and ruthless rascals who ever worked a racket.

This man "manufactures" cripples. He hacks off hands and feet. He withers arms and legs. He twists faces and sears the flesh with scars that cannot be erased. Anyway that's how the story goes.

Who is this sinister surgeon? And what's behind his brutal behavior?

His name, they say, is Sebastian Pecard, and his motive is money. He'll turn out a job of maiming for a flat fee, or work on a percentage basis. His customers, it is said, are men and women who see a prosperous future in the business of begging.

More pesos drop into the tin cups and the battered hats of alms seekers if they are crippled. So hundreds of patients have gone into Senor Pecard's "hospital" supposedly in or near the city of Rosario—to get fixed up for their queer careers.

If these peculiar people can pay the full price for Pecard's surgical services they are discharged and the butcher forgets them. But if they can't he'll make ugly caricatures of them for a part of their "take" from a sympathetic public. His cut is ten per cent.

Not long ago Pecard notified his stable of human wrecks, scattered all over the continent of South America, that the rising cost of running what might be called "Cripples, Inc.," had forced him to up his rate to 20 per cent of their gross haul.

Some of the beggars refused to kick in. So, the story goes, Pecard made a special trip into the Province of Tucuman to confer with a couple of the ungrateful graduates of his cripple factory. He beat them up.

Although there has been no official statement about the episode, it is said that these malformed victims of Pecard's greed and anger rounded up several other malformed examples of their boss's surgical skill and hobbled into police headquarters to spill the amazing lowdown on themselves and their money-hungry creator.

Within an hour the police of more than a dozen cities and towns in Argentina, it is believed, were hunting for Senor Pecard and his "hospital." A week later the butcher was still on the loose and there were few clues that gave hope of his early arrest.

It seems likely, however, that the same craving for money that moved him to abuse a couple of the cripples he had started on a curious career of panhandling would finally trap him. Undoubtedly he is receiving "contributions" by mail from beggars in several South American countries and will try to collect this baksheesh.

The World's Toughest Tomcat

TOMCATS have a reputation for being tough. But the kingpin of all alley scrappers is undoubtedly the feline mascot of Banks County Prison near Baldwin, Georgia.

This animal demonstrated his right to catdom's heavyweight crown recently when he beat a sharp-clawed chicken hawk in a spectacular mid-air fight.

The strange scrap started when the hawk, zooming down out of the blue like a dive-bomber, sank its talons into the tabby, who was peacefully dozing in the prison yard. The bird apparently mistook the sleeping cat for a chicken—but not for long.

According to witnesses, the tomcat was too startled to know immediately what had happened and was 10 or 15 feet off the ground before it went into action. Then the feathers, not the fur, began to fly.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the big black feline swung around—and kicked back with its four sharp-clawed feet. The hawk, however, hung on grimly, sinking its talons still deeper into the cat's back.

Then the fireworks really began. For a minute the two battlers hung in mid-air.

Suddenly the hawk had enough. It jettisoned its tough cargo, and flew off, floundering in the air like a plane that's been shot full of flak.

The tomcat did one neat loop-the-loop and nimbly landed on all fours. Apparently unperturbed by the deep gashes in his back, the Joe Louis of catdom trotted back to his former sleeping spot and curled up to continue his snooze in the sun.

Ten Feet Off the Ground the Cat Went Into Action, and the Surprised Hawk Quickly Jettisoned Its Clawing, Yowling Cargo.

What Aries Means to You

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader

ARIES, "The Ram," is your astrological sign if you were born from March 21st to April 19th, of any year. Mars is your ruling planet.

Ambition is one of your dominant traits, but you often yield to a spirit of restlessness.

While you can show generosity you also give evidence of a lack of discipline. Activity is your keyword.

A boundless mental activity keeps you always on the move, differentiating you from the purely physical type. You have an overreaching ambition. Restlessness shows in your actions. You seem to be living not only ahead of yourself, but ahead of your friends and neighbors.

To keep up with you, others have to quicken their pace. You have the qualities inherent in a born leader. You are inclined to frown on old customs and established methods, particularly if you yourself chance to evolve something unique.

You are never at a loss for ideas, but while you should be careful not to plunge ahead too fast, yet you should also avoid dropping behind.

Though you yield to sudden impulses to anger yet you forgive and forget easily. Holding a grudge is not in your nature. You have the power to impart to others your own enthusiasms and to convince them that life holds rewards worth battling for.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Marcella Jennings of New York, N. Y.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was brighter, cleaner, finer! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS **IN ONLY 14 DAYS!**

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Better tone
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"I'm a regular washin' speed-demon now that I've got so much MORE SUDS!"

"New Super Suds, with so much MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, sure saves time and work," says Mrs. Adelaide Allison

"MY two-year-old, Joan, is in the sweater. DeWitt and Raymond are standing. My youngsters are all under six, so findin' a wash-day soap that saves so much work and time is just the best news ever! They say this new Super Suds is sudsier than ever, too . . . All I know is it's the sudsiest soap *I* ever found. Why even socks . . . and you know what a nuisance they are to wash . . . are lots easier to get clean in all those EXTRA, HARDER-WORKIN' SUDS! Bet you'll agree when you try new, sudsier Super Suds."

"MY OLD SOAP WAS A STINGY SUDSER, ALL RIGHT. SUDS DIDN'T LAST, EITHER."
"I NEVER SAW THE LIKE OF THE HEAPS OF RICH SUDS NEW SUPER SUDS GAVE. THEY LASTED AND LASTED!"
"THAT BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF IS PROBABLY WHY I DIDN'T GET MUCH SUDS. HARD TO RINSE OUT, TOO!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS...MAKES THE SOAP GO FARTHER."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

Success or a Flop? Weather Shapes Your Life

Climatic Conditions Before Baby's Birth, Science Finds, Influence Its Sex, Chances of Success and Life Expectancy, and Even the Chance of Its Becoming President

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

IF YOU think life hasn't treated you right, or you aren't what you want to be, maybe you can blame it on the weather. And in reverse if you're strong, wise and wealthy give a bow to the weather, too.

Weather, science now finds, not only helps predetermine the sex of babies but their sturdiness and resistance to disease. And before they're through doctors may find weather governs mental ability and special talents. It could be.

Under the old rules science was dogmatic about what made for success in life. From your parents you had to inherit the right kind of genes and chromosomes, and then through environment and the way your parents raised you, you had to develop these talents.

But a new complication, the weather, has been added to this pretty picture. The new discovery is that climate and weather not only affect the way people feel in adult life but also can influence the life pattern of an individual long before a person's birth.

The Winter Prospect Is Bleak But Not for the Expectant Mother's Little One, Who Is Due to Get the Breaks.

The Weather Can't Make You a Bum But Science Believes It May Help.

This is the theory advanced by Professor William F. Petersen of the University of Illinois Medical School. Independent work by Professor Clarence A. Mills of the University of Cincinnati confirms the Petersen theory.

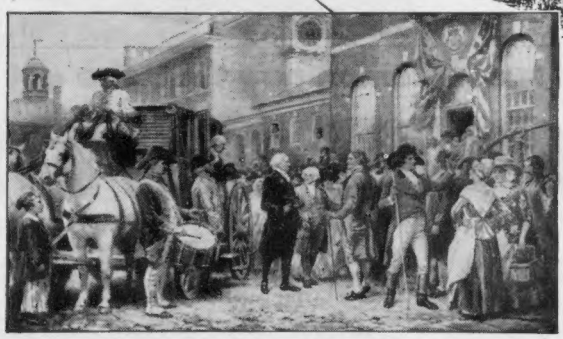
With today's rush of wartime marriages there probably isn't much time to worry about it, but every prospective mother ought to know that the weather long before birth can determine the life pattern of her child. Children born next January and February will be twice as apt to go to college as children conceived in the hot summertime of next August.

Studies of biographical reference books like Who's Who show people born in December, January and February not only live longer but attain greater eminence in life. Not all, of course, but that's the way it works out on the average.

In his book "Climate Makes the Man" Professor Mills says:

"Washington and Lincoln were both born in February. Their greatness was probably due to the fact that they were conceived in May at the peak of the year's vitality, for American pre-eminence has always been closely associated with spring conceptions. Twenty-seven of our 31 Presidents were conceived during the eight months from December to July, and only four during the remaining third of the year. Not a single President was conceived during August heat, or born in May or June.

"Let those figures be your guide in choosing the season of conception for your children—not in the hope that



George Washington, Along With 26 of America's 31 Presidents, Got His Start in Life Under the Right Weather Conditions.

each of them will become world-famous if properly conceived, but simply so that they may be given this potent advantage in later life."

How weather can predetermine sex of babies and their abilities in later life is only now being worked out. Professor Petersen and Dr. Alvin Mayne in a report to the Medical Association says it all goes back to the cytoplasm of the germ cell of the mother at the time of germination and for a few weeks afterward.

Cytoplasm is the part of the germ cell corresponding to the yolk of the egg. It is the food on which the germs and chromosomes of heredity feed and develop. Anything which can affect the cytoplasm affects development of the child. Weather is declared to be one such factor.

The link with the weather comes through the body chemistry of the mother—her metabolism. There are two kinds of metabolism at work in the body. One is anabolism in which the body stores up energy from food in the form of fat, muscle and bone. The other is catabolism in which the body releases the stored-up energy by the oxidation of the tissues.

A boxer training to get his weight down with vigorous exercise is undergoing a catabolic metabolism. So is a woman on a diet. Bears and other wild animals which get fat in the fall for the long, hard winter ahead are using the anabolic body chemistry reaction.

The human body, too, goes from one to the other reaction with the seasons. Professor Petersen suggests that if the mother's body chemistry is catabolic when pregnancy begins the infant born will be lighter than normal and more likely will be a boy.

In contrast, if the mother's body chemistry is anabolic heavier babies will result and more will be girls.

Studies of tens of thousands of births reveal that cold weather produces more boy babies while more moderate weather favors female births.

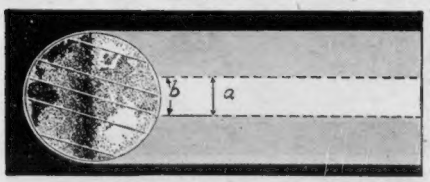
Like all general rules this has one exception. Extreme warm weather tends to male births.

With all the effects weather and climate have on adults—as everyone knows so well—it is not surprising that some doctors at least are proving that the weather can affect the unborn infant too, through its mother.

Maybe the ancient Greek "father of medicine" Hippocrates was right when he said 2,500 years ago:

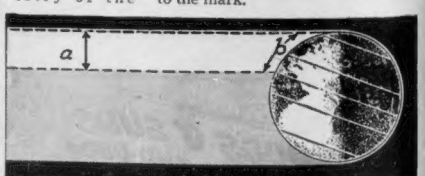
"... wherefore it is natural to realize that generation, too, varies in the coagulation of the seed and is not the same for the same seed in summer as in winter nor in rain as in drought."

Old Hippocrates probably didn't know why but he came pretty close to the mark.



In the Summer the Sun's Rays, Bearing Solar Heat Which in the End Is the Cause of the World's Weather, Are Concentrated in a Cone (A) Covering Only a Relatively Small Area of the Earth (B) Making It Hotter.

Their Influence Is Felt in the Cell of the Germ of Life With the Cytoplasm, Feeding and Developing the Genes and Chromosomes.



In Winter the Same Cone (A) of Sunlight Spreads Over a Greater Area (B) and the Climate is Cooler. This Chill Sets Up a Catabolic State in the Mother Which Affects the Cytoplasm, and Her Baby Is More Apt to Be a Boy.

Hard Luck of Gay Helen Housez—

Address Unknown

Dicky Carries On in Her Lavish Cap Ferrat Villa, Although Helen Doesn't Know It.

Helen Reuping Jennings Housez, in the Heyday of Her Dazzling International Career.

A Nazi Concentration Camp Now Holds the Living Ghost of the Once Lovely Helen.

By CHARLES ROBBINS

OF ALL those who adorned the once gay and glittering International Set, Helen Reuping Jennings Housez seemed the least likely ever to become involved in tragedy.

Inflated with charm and wit, she had soared like a balloon straight up from the obscurity of the Michigan town where she was born to the lush dream world, which fanciful movie producers love to picture.

There her major problems were only: which dress to wear, whether to winter at her palatial Riviera villa or to expose herself to the sun and possible boredom of Florida's Palm Beach.

And, seeing her at any of these places with one or another of the ornamental men she had successively married, you'd have sworn that she had never known any other sort of life.

Then all at once her satin-lined world went to pieces. France, her favorite playground, was invaded by the Nazis, and Helen just disappeared.

However, no one who had known her was greatly concerned.

"She'll be all right," they said. "She'd be all right anywhere. If she landed on an iceberg in the Arctic she'd soon have it centrally heated, with a swarm of Eskimos waiting on her."

These predictions could scarcely have been more wide of the mark.

For, after years of silence, word has just leaked out of France that Helen Reuping Jennings Housez, her beauty irreparably marred, an old and tragic woman, is a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp.

It appears that she and her current husband, a handsome young Frenchman named Martial (Dicky) Housez waited in her Villa Santa Sospira, at Cap Ferrat, until the tide of invasion lapped at the terrace.

Then, in a desperate effort to escape, they leapt into one of their racing cars, took a curve too quickly and turned over.

By a miracle, the only casualty was Helen's beauty. Her face, according to report, was burned and lacerated. She was taken to a Riviera hospital a few hours before the Germans marched in and made her prisoner.

Photograph of Dicky Housez Taken, Prophetically, in an Axis Setting—While He and Helen Were in Japan.

The charming Dicky somehow emerged from it all both uninjured and uncaptured. Now, having conveniently made his peace with Vichy, he is said to be disporting himself once more at the Cap Ferrat villa.

Rumor also has it that he is not disporting alone. A woman companion is supposed to be doing her best to surround him with the gaiety and tender attentions which Helen used to supply so lavishly.

Meanwhile—to take the most optimistic view—Helen has at least been spared the knowledge of his peculiar manner of mourning her loss. And, of course, few of her fellow prisoners are able to entertain themselves with memories quite as luxurious as hers.

She has no doubt in fancy relived her career a hundred times, beginning with the days when she was a girl in Bay City, Michigan.

Her golden curls, greenish eyes and quick laughter first won the heart of Robert Reuping, a popular, wealthy Chicago leather merchant.

But, soon after their marriage, she outgrew his home town, just as she had outgrown her own. So, with a divorce, a new name and all her former natural assets still intact, she moved on to New York.

In this new setting, she appeared first as a showgirl in a musical comedy and, a little later, by some means never officially explained, as the mistress of a $250,000 mansion.

Among her playboy admirers, the two most ardent were Richard deB. Boardman, yachtsman and financier from Boston's Back Bay, and Albert Gould Jennings, Jr., easy-going son of an old and rigidly proper New York family.

Forced at last to make a choice between them, Helen picked Albert for a husband, Richard for her banker.

When the news got out, Albert's family froze and the Social Register scratched another entry.

However, the world was larger then than it is now. It was easy to escape unpleasantness in one place simply by moving some place else.

Equipped with plenty of money, Albert and Helen moved to Paris, and Helen felt that at last she had come home. Her husband's enthusiasm wasn't quite up to hers at the beginning and fast diminished to nothing at all when Dicky Housez appeared on the scene.

So presently there was another divorce, another marriage, the addition of another to her growing list of names.

Safe in the thought that Richard Boardman was watching over her accumulated savings, Helen and Dicky drifted about the world, going to Japan, India, as well as to the South Seas.

Returning to New York in 1937, she looked for Boardman, who was usually there to meet her at the dock.

But she looked in vain this time, for he had killed himself a few hours before, leaving her affairs in a mess.

Helen learned that under his management some of her great wealth had dwindled away. Although she would be able to keep up the beloved villa at Cap Ferrat, it actually looked as though she would either have to rent or sell her Paris mansion.

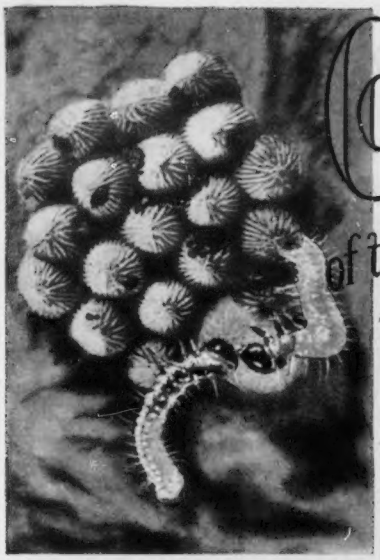
Today, recollections of how she worried about all that must strike her as ironic.

Nor is there any lack of irony in the fact that she has at last found a tenant for her Paris house, though a non-paying one.

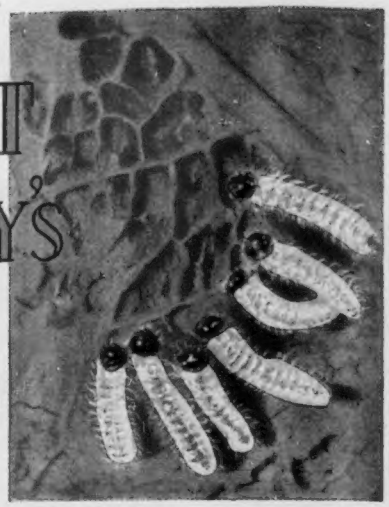
The Gestapo is living there now.

Thoughts of Her Cap Ferrat Villa No Doubt Still Trouble Her Dreams, But They Would Be More Troubled If She Could See What Now Goes On There.

Coming Out of the Bug Family's Beautiful Deb

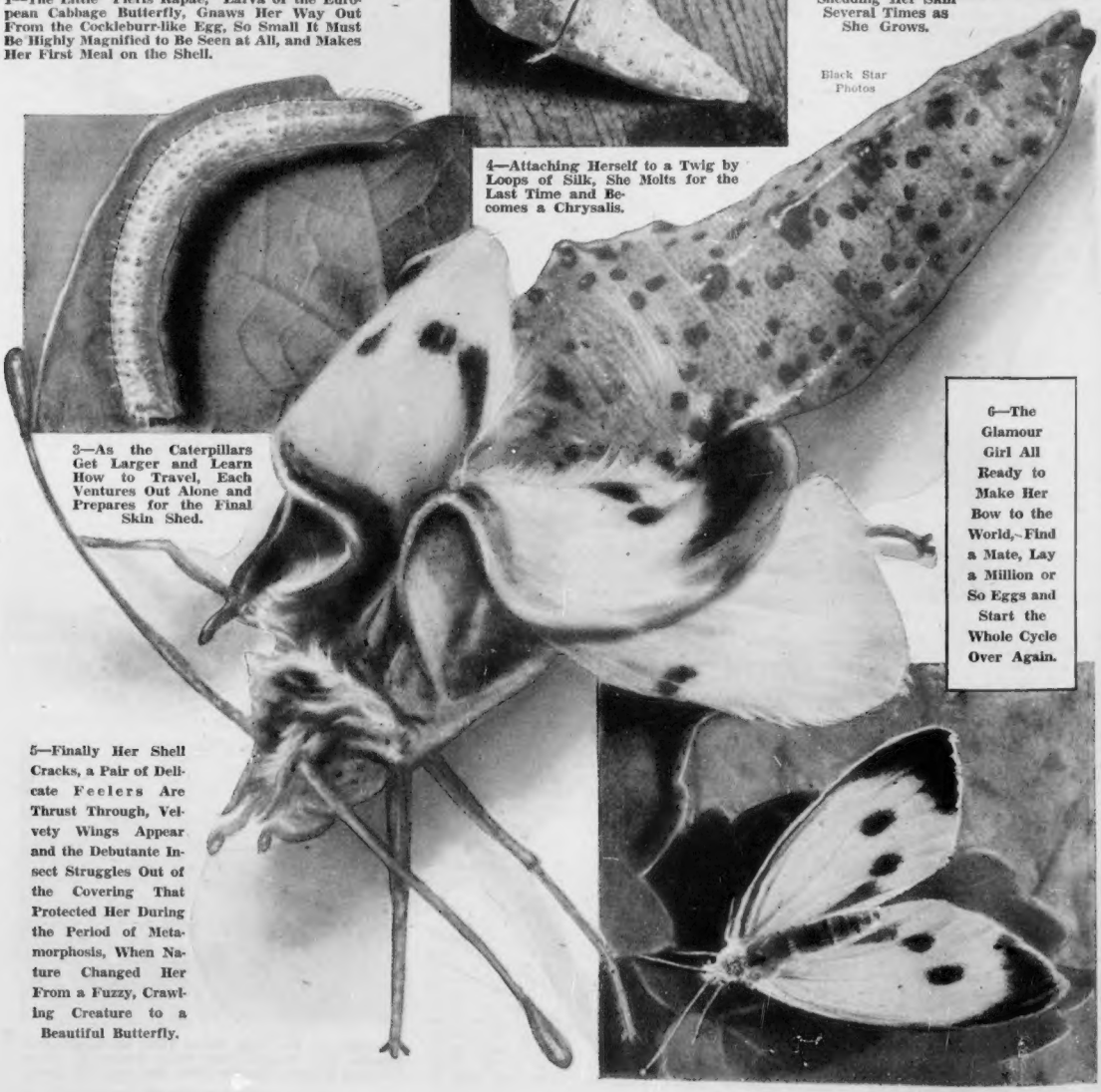


1—The Little "Pieris Rapae," Larva of the European Cabbage Butterfly, Gnaws Her Way Out From the Cockleburr-like Egg, So Small It Must Be Highly Magnified to Be Seen at All, and Makes Her First Meal on the Shell.



2—Sticking Close to Her Brothers and Sisters Because She Hasn't Learned to Crawl, She Starts Eating the Leaf on Which She Was Hatched, Shedding Her Skin Several Times as She Grows.

Black Star Photos



3—As the Caterpillars Get Larger and Learn How to Travel, Each Ventures Out Alone and Prepares for the Final Skin Shed.

4—Attaching Herself to a Twig by Loops of Silk, She Molts for the Last Time and Becomes a Chrysalis.

5—Finally Her Shell Cracks, a Pair of Delicate Feelers Are Thrust Through, Velvety Wings Appear and the Debutante Insect Struggles Out of the Covering That Protected Her During the Period of Metamorphosis, When Nature Changed Her From a Fuzzy, Crawling Creature to a Beautiful Butterfly.

6—The Glamour Girl All Ready to Make Her Bow to the World,—Find a Mate, Lay a Million or So Eggs and Start the Whole Cycle Over Again.

Has a Ghost Joined the Spars?

To the Astonished Fisherman, Theodosia Burr's Spectral Warning Was Unintelligible, But Before Dawn on the Spot She Indicated an Allied Ship Was Torpedoed by an Axis Submarine.

N. Y. Public Library Photo

Theodosia Burr, Murdered by Pirates, Who, Carolina Coast Folk Say, Is Trying, From the Spirit World, to Save the Country Her Father, Aaron Burr, Was Accused of Betraying.

By
WILLIAM SEABROOK
Author of "Voodoo Tales" and Other Stories of the Supernatural

"YOU'LL see her again," said Cape Fear fishermen to Coast Guards patrolling the outer beaches, "but you'll never catch her, and it won't do no good shootin' at her either. Your bullets can't harm her."

For some nights the mounted Coast Guard patrol, alert for Nazi spies and traitors who might signal to enemy craft offshore, had been seeing a mysterious figure on the forbidden beaches.

Aaron Burr From a Painting by G. Stuart.

The figure always eluded them; it failed to halt even when they fired. Two patrolmen were ready to swear it was a woman—young, pretty.

But tankers had been sunk off that part of the North Carolina coast, and the next time that suspicious figure failed to halt they were going to shoot, and shoot to kill. They had warned the native "bankers," who live in shacks on the sandbanks and the dunes. And now the fishermen had given a defiant answer.

"Just what do you mean, we'll never catch her?" asked C. P. O. Joseph Gaines. "Maybe you mean you know her? If you do..."

"Yes, we know her," replied Jerry Simpson of Bald Island. "Her name is Theodosia Burr, daughter of old Aaron Burr who shot Alexander Hamilton and was later tried for treason. She was murdered here by pirates more'n a hundred years ago. She walks the beach from here to Kitty Hawk, and it's not you or any man living who'll stop her. What's more, I don't think you'll want to stop her. I'll tell you why. We all believe she's there to help you..."

"How can a ghost help us—if you believe in ghosts?" asked Gaines.

"In the winter of 1941," said Simpson, "when submarines were bad, I was out one night and saw her. She kept pointing out to sea. She was cryin'. She seemed to be wantin' to show me or tell me something. I didn't understand. But before dawn there was an explosion where she'd pointed, and I saw a burning tanker sink. If I'd understood her, we'd a had planes and sub-chasers from Norfolk in time.

"That's why I think she wants to prove that the Burrs ain't traitors. Ghosts are like that, you know. That's mostly why they walk."

Psychic researchers agree that the desire to right some wrong is the reason why ghosts walk—if they do. The most famous ghost in Europe was the ghost of Hamlet's father, who walked the battlements of Elsinore to avenge a murder. If the ghost of Theodosia Burr now walks the Carolina coast to help save the country her father was accused of betraying, it fits that theory.

Biographers and historians agree that Theodosia loved her father deeply, trusted him, believed him innocent. Aaron Burr, dashing colonel under Washington, Vice President under Jefferson, was hated because he'd killed Statesman Alexander Hamilton in a duel at Weehawken, N. J., in 1804. Acquitted on technicalities, he was still in disgrace because he'd been tried for treason in 1807 in connection with a plot to steal Louisiana and the Mississippi valley from the U. S. A. and make himself "Emperor."

It was to visit Burr, in New York, after she had married Joseph Alston, Governor of South Carolina, that Theodosia took passage on the ship Patriot, which was reported captured and sunk by Lafitte's pirates off Cape Fear in 1812.

The First Stain on the Name of Burr—the Slaying of Alexander Hamilton in a Duel. The Secretary of the Treasury Fired Into the Air, But Burr's Bullet Went Home.

There were many versions of the tragedy. One was that she was made to walk the plank and her body washed ashore. But many years later a member of the pirate crew testified she'd been held captive on the dunes and murdered.

In 1869, Dr. W. G. Pool obtained from a fisherman's family the portrait of a strikingly beautiful woman. It had been washed up by the sea. It was identified as a portrait of Theodosia Burr.

The story of her murder, as handed down by the "bankers," is that she was killed in an attempt to escape. The six pirates who guarded her were beheaded by Lafitte's lieutenant, and there are "bankers" who insist they've seen the headless ghosts of the pirates pursuing the ghost of Theodosia.

They also, so it's said, occasionally chase and frighten living girls, pretty ones—maybe by mistake.

The Coast Guards have never seen the headless pirates. But "bankers" are sure they did see the ghost of Theodosia. This will interest Dr. Howard Ronthaler, president of Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C., who has pursued the beautiful ghost for 25 years and is still on the trail.

On the whole, whether one believes literally in ghosts or not, Theodosia has done a pretty good job toward helping clear her father's name. Her romantic story and her love beyond the grave have kept old Aaron Burr alive outside the cold history books in which he might otherwise have been embalmed as a traitor. The more modern biographers look into it the more it appears that he may not have been so black as he was painted.

And whether one believes in ghosts or not, it's pleasant to think that a girl whose family bore the stain of treason a century ago is now ghost-walking to protect her country.

A lady once asked the late, great English author, G. K. Chesterton, whether he believed in ghosts. "Certainly not, Madam," he replied, then added, "...but I'm afraid of 'em, and if they do exist I'd rather have 'em helping me than trying to hurt me."

MRS. K. KEEPS A TREASURED *Easter Tradition*

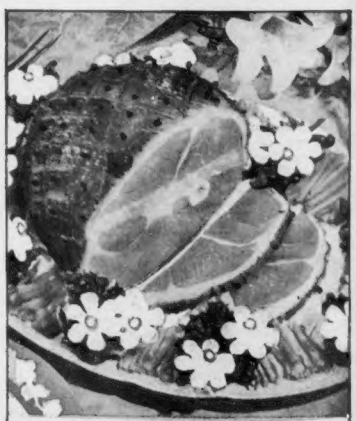
GRAND NEWS! A cable from son Ted—who's fighting in the South Pacific—says he's been cited for gallantry. Hopes family has happy Easter. Mrs. K., in joyous mood, starts thinking about Easter plans. She's having three of the relatives for dinner, and traditional Easter dinner in the K. family for three generations has been Swift's Premium Ham. But Mrs. K. wonders if she can get Swift's Premium Ham now.

CONSULTATION with friend meat dealer brings more good news. He'll be able to let her have a butt end of Swift's Premium Ham, which can be "extended" if necessary with savory dressing. Mighty relieved to find she can get *Swift's Premium* as no other ham has its wonderful mild, rich flavor. *Attractive* meals extra important in wartime, so platter will be glorified with garnish of edible flowers for which Mrs. K. is famous.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! Who should drop in but an old schoolmate of son Ted's. He finds the K.s getting an early start planting their Victory Garden. As our Government urges, they are putting in an even bigger and better garden this year, for food fights for freedom, food makes the task of our invading forces easier, will shorten the war. Mrs. K. (remembering fine "stretcher" recipe!) insists that Bob stay for dinner.

DRESSING FOR "STRETCHING". While ham bakes in 325° oven (22 min. per lb.; 5 min. per lb. more if ham is chilled) Mrs. K. fixes savory rice dressing. Her recipe for 6: Cook ½ c. rice in salted water. Brown 1 c. cubed unpeeled apple, ¼ c. minced onion, 1 c. diced celery and ½ c. chopped green pepper in ⅓ c. Swift's Premium Ham drippings. Mix with drained rice; salt to taste; bake in molds for 25 min. at 325°.

NARCISSUS FOR GLAMOUR. Peel turnips; cut slices 2½" in diameter; divide each in 6 equal parts by making slits with knife, leaving a center size of a dime. With scissors shape petals oval. For center of flower, cut a round shape from a thick slice; hollow out; attach with toothpick. Touch outer edge of "cups" with paprika; fasten picks into 2-inch high clusters of spinach stems. (Trim bottoms so clusters will stand up.)

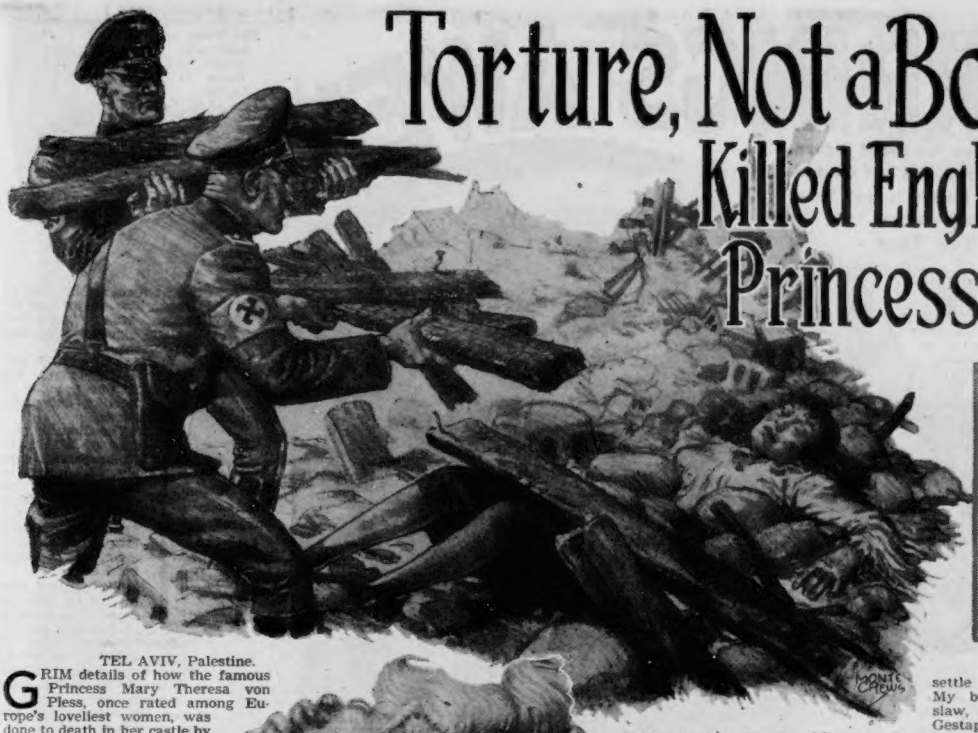


EASTER FEAST! How Mrs. K. rejoices to see Bob and the rest enjoy Swift's Premium Ham. And how pleased she is with compliments on garnish. She reflects that—what with extender dressing and glamorizing narcissus—Easter tradition could actually be kept with ham shank or slices. Any part of a Swift's Premium Ham, with its special flavor from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure, could be used this same way.

Swift's Premium Ham

Ham, like all meat, is rich in the finest type of proteins; it also supplies B vitamins and essential minerals. Swift's Premium Ham (voted *America's favorite!*) *comes in 2 styles:* Blue label *for easy cooking;* Red label *ready to eat. Look for the name* Swift *down the side.*

Torture, Not a Bomb, Killed England's Princess Spy



The Princess' Body, Broken by Gestapo Torture Which Could Not Shake Her Devotion to Her Homeland, Was Hidden in the Rubble Left by Allied Bombers, It Is Now Revealed.

TEL AVIV, Palestine.

GRIM details of how the famous Princess Mary Theresa von Pless, once rated among Europe's loveliest women, was done to death in her castle by Nazi torturers have just sifted through underground channels to her son, Prince Alexander of Pless, now a lance corporal in the Polish Legion of the Middle East.

The Princess, a high-born English beauty, who, at 17, married the fabulously wealthy Prince Henry of Pless, died on her 70th birthday last July under the ungentle ministrations of the Gestapo in her castle, Waldenburg, in Lower Silesia.

Known to have spied almost openly for the British in World War I, she was arrested by the Gestapo and interned before this war started.

Official German sources announced her death as having occurred through the explosion of a British bomb in an air raid. But Prince Alexander says he has definite information that this was only a typical bit of Nazi propaganda.

Actually, he told a Near East correspondent for The American Weekly, her body showed she had been starved, beaten and choked to death.

Tears of rage were in the Prince's eyes as he went on:

"The Gestapo murdered my brother, too, you know—in 1935. And now this! How I'd like to have five minutes alone with Hitler!"

The tall, fair-haired and blue-eyed prince, who is a godson of King Edward VII, wears beneath his tunic a picture of his mother on her wedding day when, as "Daisy" Cornwallis-West, she was toasted as the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Daisy, Princess Von Pless, Probably Europe's Most Beautiful and Aristocratic Spy.

Daisy, christened Mary Theresa, was one of three children of an impoverished British aristocrat.

Her brother, Col. George Cornwallis-West, became the second husband of Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of Britain's Prime Minister. Later he married Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Daisy's sister, Constance, married the Duke of Westminster, richest duke in England.

But what seemed the biggest prize of all went to Daisy. He was Henry, Prince of Pless, ninth Count of Hochberg and Baron of Fuerstenstein, in England on a diplomatic mission. She became mistress of Schloss Fuerstenstein, most elaborate of the prince's four castles.

When the first World War began, Kaiser Wilhelm and his staff established their quarters there. They were horrified one morning to see the British flag break out over the castle's highest tower. Furiously, the Kaiser demanded to know what the princess meant by such an insult.

"It's my birthday," she explained blithely, "and I have a right to fly the flag of my native country!"

Soon information began to leak out of headquarters. The British, it developed, were on hand to counter every surprise move. After an investigation, Col. Nikolai, the Kaiser's master spy-catcher, reported that his suspicions centered on Grand Duke Adolf Friedrich Mecklenburg, a young nobleman in the confidence of General Ludendorff and often seen in the company of the Princess.

The Grand Duke committed suicide. The Princess was ordered to leave Schloss Fuerstenstein, and a guard was placed over her.

"The High Command never forgot and never forgave," Prince Alexander declared. "They may have even remembered the flag incident when they chose her 70th birthday to murder her.

"They tried to force her to confess that she was a spy. She denied it to the end.

"The Nazis pretended to find her body in a mass of bomb-raid rubble. But just before her body was placed in a coffin, someone noticed that her emaciated form showed signs of torture.

"From the underground I learned that Gestapo agents had tortured her unrelentingly at Hitler's orders. It was the sort of thing we had been expecting since she was first interned in 1934 in Schloss Fuerstenstein. We made every attempt to liberate her.

"Our last effort was in 1935. Someone must have tipped off the Nazis, because when we arrived there we found Gestapo Chief Heydrich in charge and the castle was surrounded.

"I am very proud and happy to be in the Polish front-line forces because I have still another account to settle with those beasts. My brother, Prince Boleslaw, was arrested by the Gestapo in 1935 and was in the infamous Oranienburg Concentration Camp. Later he was moved to the Gestapo prison in Berlin and there, after laughing at every threat, he was finally poisoned."

In the inter-bellum era, the unhappy princess turned to writing. One of her books, "Daisy, Princess of Pless," created an international furore. Another, entitled "Better Left Unsaid," was an account of the doings at Schloss Fuerstenstein. The manuscript was stolen.

Another of the princess' literary efforts was "The Handbook of Love." In it she advised women: "Flirt not at all; to flirt is to deceive and to deceive is sin. Men do not flirt; they devour!"

It was written at about the time her husband fell in love with a beautiful 18-year-old Viennese, Countess Marie Dietrich, and asked high church authorities to annul his marriage.

In support of his plea, he insisted he had been forced into wedlock at the point of a pistol in the hands of Daisy's mother. He got the annulment—and then married not the Countess but the equally attractive Clothilde de Silva y Candera.

When this war started, Prince Henry, third son of the Princess of Pless, was placed in a British internment camp. Perhaps it was a ruse to fool the Germans, or perhaps the British were really doubtful about his loyalty. But his mother's courageous death made the sentiments of her family crystal-clear. Since then he has been released.

Schloss Fuerstenstein, Occupied by the Kaiser as Headquarters in World War I, Where the Princess Flew the British Flag on Her Birthday, Enraging the "All Highest."

EARRINGS AWEIGH!

The Sudden Vogue for Lobal Adornment Among Our Tough and Global-Conscious Tars Really Is Not New, For History Reveals Many Famous Men Liked Them

By LOWELL THOMAS
Noted Explorer and Radio Commentator

IF A MAN wearing earrings had walked into a bar in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or especially any smaller city, two years ago, he would probably have been greeted by yoo-hoos.

For the practice of wearing junk attached to the lobe of the auricle is generally supposed to be an exclusively female prerogative.

However, times and customs change. Two hundred years ago, the sight of real he-men wearing earrings was not unusual.

Sailors set the earrings-for-men vogue in the past, and they're doing it now.

The Tarawa Tadpole —or Nip Squirm.

The Guadalcanal Loop—Favored By Fighting Veterans of the Pacific Theatre.

Veterans of the South Pacific fleet are returning on furlough with gold rings hanging from the lobe of one ear. They're wearing them on board ship, too.

However, nobody is advised to make derisive noises on meeting one of these male earring-wearers. They are the same tough sailormen who took the Gilberts away from the Japs and are now taking the Marianas.

Sailors such as inflicted a major defeat upon the enemy at Truk are walking the decks with a gold ring hanging from the lobe of the left ear. And those who are doing it are not "boots" either, but petty officers. One of them permitted his name to be used, Boatswain's Mate First Class Theodore Gilbert Woodward of Park Place, Oregon.

Chief Woodward says that even some of the officers have started wearing them. As for running the risk of wisecracks, Chief Woodward allows that he has gone about in some pretty big cities wearing his earring, and nobody has made any crack.

Of course, Chief Woodward is a six-foot, hundred-and-ninety-pounder, which would seem to provide some insurance in his case.

However, this fashion note from the theatre of war arouses no amazement among people who know anything of the history of the Spanish Main and the South Seas.

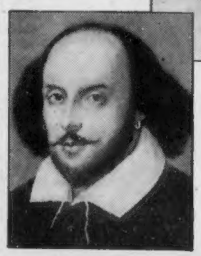
In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, rings in male ears did not connote effeminacy, but aroused instead the suspicion that the wearer was a dangerous fellow to meet in a dark alley.

If there were any portrait existing of the Old Bold Mate of Henry Morgan, the chances are 90 to 1 that it would show him wearing ear trimmings.

One of the books on piracy in my library has pictures of many of the desperadoes who rampaged on the high seas, such outstanding ruffians as Francis l'Ollonais, one of the most famous—or infamous—of the buccaneers.

A portrait of l'Ollonais shows him wearing earrings; likewise such terrors of the seas as Bartolomew Portugues, Rock Braisiliano, Bellamy the Socialist pirate, Blackbeard, Tench, Red Legs. If I am not mistaken, our old friend, Long John Silver, and his shipmates in "Treasure Island" wore something in their ears.

The Piratical Brass Ring of the Spanish Main; And Left—the Literary Circlet Revealed by Famous Paintings of the Bard of Avon.



The practice actually dates back, way back into the antiquities of mankind. In the library of the Vatican there is a vase with a figure of none other than Achilles wearing earrings.

In ancient Babylonia and Assyria, the earring was a symbol of rank.

We do not see them on the contemporary scene except among gypsies, although the Russian artist Burliuk has worn them at parties.

Most authorities are agreed that the practice is essentially of Asiatic origin. But that hardly jibes with the fact that it prevails among countless tribesmen in Africa and in Polynesia. In ancient Rome, the fashion was considered one of the "Persicos Apparatus," of which the Poet Horace was so very scornful.

The question arises why stout fighting men and wild savages long have adopted this curious adornment. There is no doubt that originally the earring actually was an amulet. It is supposed to bring good luck and to ward off ill luck or sickness, somewhat on the order of a scapular.

The Polynesians, as a whole, prefer either sharks' teeth or the teeth of their enemies.

The fashion has always been revived with particular vigor in warlike times, ages when men are tough, or else. For instance, the ancient Greeks who settled the Crimean peninsula in the fourth century, B. C., wore earrings made of marvelous complexity and beauty. The warlike Franks in the fourth century brought them to the west of Europe. The Anglos and the Saxons who invaded England also wore the single earring.

In Elizabethan and Stuart England, the fashion was peculiar to the nobility and their imitators.

The Chandos portrait of William Shakespeare shows him with a ring in his left ear, in which he was probably copying the handsome Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

The fashion was carried on into the days of the Stuarts, as you can see by the Lely portraits of King Charles the First, Charles the Martyr. There is a couplet in one of Marlowe's plays which reads:

"Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine eare
To hang thy durtie silken shootires through."

The superstitions attaching to earrings are illustrated in the history of the once powerful and noble Vigyazo family of Hungary. These Magyars of Hungary are believed to be the only remaining lineal descendants of the Huns.

This Vigyazo clan owned a set of opal earrings. Misfortune, crime and sudden death befell so many members of the clan that even museum curators became infected with a strong belief in the curse of the "Evil Earrings of the Vigyazos."

It remains to be seen what effect the revival of this age-old fashion among our fighting men will have on their return upon the girls they left behind them. So far our sailors in Pacific waters have not yet taken to wearing the teeth of their enemies in their ears. Their preference is a tiny gold star or a gold crescent, suspended from a gold ring.

How will that appeal to sisters, sweethearts and wives?

Well, one reasonable bet is that there will be such a scramble for the ornaments as souvenirs that the returning sailors will soon be as earringless as when they sailed away.

The Aristocratic Mode—A Pearl Drop Affected by Charles I of England.

The Tin Can Touch—Combination Charm and Style Note From the Fiji Islands.

When you've done your bit for Uncle Sam...

Plant the seeds of Victory!
A Victory Garden helps bring peace nearer by producing food to "Fight for Freedom!" So do *your* spadework for Victory... plant a garden... and make *your* backyard "fighting ground"!

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

This richer, finer coffee brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor in every cup!

A Product of General Foods

• Victory Gardens don't just grow—they mean work for millions of ready-and-willing Americans. And like all jobs that *must* be done today, it seems easier after a refreshing cup of Maxwell House—the coffee that's bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world!

Why is Maxwell House America's No. 1 coffee preference? We believe it's because there's so much *extra* flavor . . . *extra* satisfaction in every fragrant, steaming cup. The traditional care and skill with which it's made bring you richer, finer coffee!

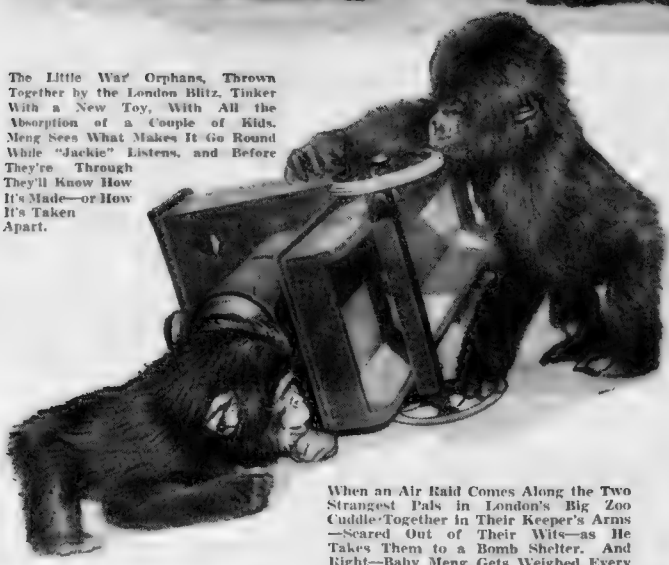
Maxwell House is a skillful blend of the best flavor characteristics of *many* choice Latin-American coffees..."Radiant Roasting" develops the *full* strength of every bean in the blend!... Vacuum-packing preserves all the full-bodied flavor richness! For generations, fine-quality coffee has been a Maxwell House tradition. Today, as always, it's truly "Good to the Last Drop!"

Good to the Last Drop!

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME ON THE AIR, TOO... WITH FANNY BRICE... FRANK MORGAN... NBC, THURSDAY NIGHT

WAR Made 'Em Playmates

Jacqueline, the Baby Chimp, Watches Longingly While Meng, the Year-Old Gorilla, Licks His Spoon Like Any Good Wartime Economizer.



The Little War Orphans, Thrown Together by the London Blitz, Tinker With a New Toy, With All the Absorption of a Couple of Kids. Meng Sees What Makes It Go Round While "Jackie" Listens, and Before They're Through They'll Know How It's Made—or How It's Taken Apart.

WHEN war bombs sent London's children to places of safety in the country, the London Zoo became a lonely place for animals who had grown to love youngsters as much as the boys and girls loved them.

Jacqueline, the motherless baby chimpanzee, and Meng, the young gorilla newly arrived from the Belgian Congo jungles, sulked gloomily in their cages.

Then, one day, the keeper tried an experiment. He put the two babies together.

In his natural habitat no gorilla ever would associate with a chimpanzee. But war, and the need for companionship, changed all this for Jacqueline and Meng.

Now they're like brother and sister—and to watch them at play one would almost think they were human.

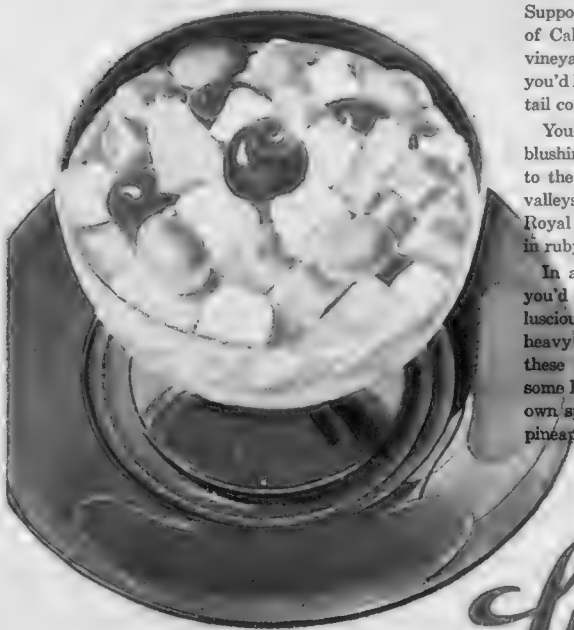
Meng always is the leader, inventing new games for Jecqueline to imitate. She, true to chimpanzee nature, never starts anything by herself.

The keeper often brings them toys. They chatter, and investigate his pockets like any youngster, looking for goodies their daddy brings home. But most of all, they count on their protector to keep them safe when the noise of bombs scares them from their play.

When an Air Raid Comes Along the Two Strangest Pals in London's Big Zoo Cuddle Together in Their Keeper's Arms —Scared Out of Their Wits—as He Takes Them to a Bomb Shelter. And Right—Baby Meng Gets Weighed Every Day Just Like a Little Human. Both Animal Infants Have Regular Medical Care and Carefully Supervised Diets.

IN FRUIT COCKTAIL...

IT'S FINE FRUITS THAT COUNT!



Suppose *you* could make the rounds of California's finest orchards and vineyards . . . pick just the fruits you'd like best for a wonderful cocktail combination.

You might begin up north, with blushing-ripe Bartlett pears. Then, to the Sacramento or San Joaquin valleys for juiceful peaches. And Royal Anne cherries, too, to preserve in ruby maraschino.

In a sunny California vineyard, you'd get a wonderful tan plucking luscious seedless grapes from fruit-heavy vines. But now, even with these four fruits, you'd *still* need some Hawaiian pineapple to add its own special sparkle. Plant-ripened pineapple . . . picked at *peak flavor!*

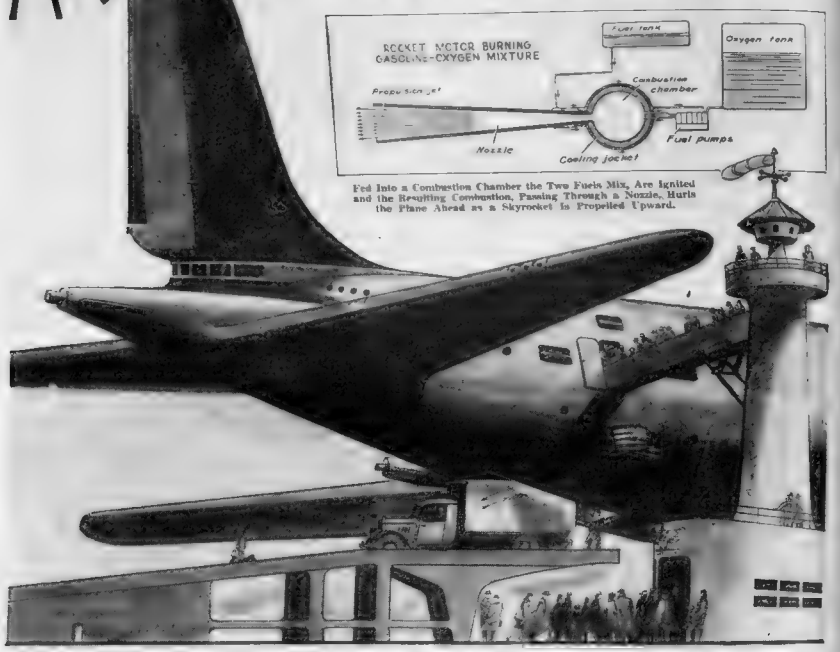
Libby gathers *all* these superb fruits for you . . . packs them in one single can or jar! And think how *extra* good this "Favorite-5" combination tastes these days when you can't serve canned fruits as lavishly as before the war!

Chilled Libby's Fruit Cocktail is a dessert de luxe . . . delight-*full*, healthful and so easy to serve! But remember, when you buy fruit cocktail, *it's fine fruits that count!* So always look for the Libby label. If you sometimes can't find this superb cocktail combination, take any one of the many *other* luscious *Libby* fruits that fine food stores offer.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

Libby's FRUIT COCKTAIL

Anywhere by Giant Rocket Plane



Fed Into a Combustion Chamber the Two Fuels Mix, Are Ignited and the Resulting Combustion, Passing Through a Nozzle, Hurls the Plane Ahead as a Skyrocket Is Propelled Upward.

In the Post-War Picture It Is Probable the First Rocket Ships Will Be Huge Airplanes of Conventional Design With Rocket Attachments Whose Propellers Will Drive Them to Their 45,000 Foot Ceiling When the Rockets Take Over.

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

"JUST another fiction writer's dream!" That's what people were saying only a few years ago about rocket travel. And it was a reason in those days.

But recent developments have compelled conservative scientists to admit that there's something in rockets after all.

With the arrival of rocket guns, rocket torpedoes and jet-propelled planes, it is possible today, without being classed as an impractical dreamer, to talk about a future when man will travel by rocket over the face of the earth, and beyond. Yes, even to the moon and other planets, provided a few remaining problems can be solved.

Wars of tomorrow may be predominantly rocket wars, with the combatants hurling great masses of deadly explosives across thousand-mile distances.

These would be followed by troop-carrying rockets.

Real occupation, no doubt, would be accomplished by planes carrying troops and artillery. But rockets would do all the early fighting, and probably might decide the issue.

Once the dreamers struggled along on funds mostly from their own slim pockets. Today rocket researchers have the backing of governments with huge appropriations.

More power with less weight, and the ability to fly where an airplane cannot, are the key advantages of rocket propulsion.

In fact, rocket engines work best where modern airplane engines and their propellers work worst. That is high in the super-stratosphere, where the air gets thinner and thinner until there just isn't any.

On modern high-altitude bombers and on future long-distance transports, which will be their peace-time equivalent, scientists already must use turbo-superchargers to condense the rarefied air enough to make it burn gasoline. At these super-heights pilots get the air they breathe from oxygen tanks through special oxygen masks.

Up there, in the home of the vacuum—the place where air molecules are so lonesome they are like a downed pilot in the middle of the Pacific—is the path of the rocket plane of the future.

So far rockets have been adapted to war planes to give them a super-kick when they get in a jam—an extra burst of speed in a tight spot.

Or rockets may be used to take huge bombers off crude and undersized airports, or to propel shells that can knock out a tank. But these are just war-time uses.

In future, the tremendous horsepower generated by rocket motors can step up aircraft to speeds much faster than anything now known. This will be possible because of the great power released in relation to the smallness of the motor.

Biggest airplane motors today produce about 2,000 horsepower and weigh about 2,000 pounds. That is, their ratio is about one horsepower per pound.

Rocket experts know that rocket motors can produce 500 horsepower for every pound of weight, and they vision rocket motors on a plane—if it can be called a plane—which would produce 100,000 horsepower.

WHEN the energy of the uranium atom can be harnessed for rocket flight it may be possible to develop a 100-pound engine creating 500,000 horsepower—5,000 horsepower per pound.

Contrast this possibility with the best of present post-war aviation plans calling for air giants with six regular motors producing 12,000-horsepower energy. Think what greater feats would be possible if 500,000-horsepower engines were available.

The application of rocket propulsion to aircraft in the war is new, but the principle of rocket propulsion with bombs and shells is very old. Everyone remembers the phrase "...the rockets' red glare..." in our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Francis Scott Key wasn't fooling when he wrote about rockets because that night in Baltimore, in 1814, the British were shelling Fort McHenry with the famous Congreve rocket.

Rocket propulsion—whether it drives a shell in a bazooka or speeds a flying airplane—works on the principle that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. That is a fundamental law of physics.

Anyone who has ever fired a revolver or a gun knows the "kick" of firearms. The bullet and the flames shoot out the muzzle of the gun and this action produces a backward motion of the gun, called the kick.

An old-fashioned skyrocket works the same way. The outward burst of flame from the back of the skyrocket produces a reaction force which propels it upward and forward.

The same principle applies in the shell from a bazooka. The stream of fire, smoke and flame shoots outward from the rear of the rocket and propels the shell forward. The only function of the "barrel" of the bazooka is to aim the rocket.

One of the earliest known examples of jet propulsion is the motion of the rotary lawn sprinkler, where the water shoots out and causes the sprinkler so that it revolves rapidly. A famous ancient scientist, Hero, at Alexandria invented this device more than 2,000 years ...

But Nature beat old Hero of Alexandria by many millions of years in using jet propulsion. Clams, since the Paleozoic Era, have been moved about by slowly opening their shells and then snapping them shut quickly. This forces out the water, and the water jet going in one direction propels the clam in the other. This is true jet propulsion, acting with the same force and on the same theory as rocket planes.

Squids use the same idea. Ordinarily they swim, but when they want to go places in a hurry they shoot a stream of water out of their mouths and this gives them an extra burst of speed. This is almost the exact parallel of a fighter pilot in a plane with rocket attachments who uses them to get the extra burst of speed.

Rocket propulsion for airplanes will be ideal in the stratosphere. At such high altitudes an airplane engine not only has difficulty in getting enough oxygen to explode its gasoline, but the propellers cannot "bite" into the rarefied air.

Yet jet propulsion in a rocket plane works best under just such conditions. The reaction kick from the flaming jet drives the rocket plane on its way, and in the near vacuum there is no drag on the body from any air. Moreover, the fuel of a rocket plane is self-sufficient, for it is a mixture of liquid oxygen and gasoline.

An added benefit of rocket propulsion is that the "kick" of the flaming jet increases with the speed of the rocket. This is just the opposite to propeller-driven machines — airplanes or surface vessels—where every gain of speed comes only with enormous increases in power.

It is probable that after the war the first rocket planes will be huge standard craft with jet attachments.

With their propellers, internal combustion engines and orthodox wings they would climb as far as they could go—35,000, 40,000 or 45,000 feet. At these altitudes, where the engines and propellers are becoming useless, they would switch over to rocket propulsion and they could climb higher if they wished, and increase their speed.

In the more distant future, say another 10 or 20 years, the real rocket plane would be developed, dispensing with wings and propellers and simply soaring to great heights.

With rocket aerial torpedoes already being used by the Germans, it is possible to picture future wars more horrible than anything now in reach of man.

The day might come when two nations, separated by an ocean, like Germany and the United States, would never bother to send troops to each other's territory. They would simply dispatch rocket bombs and blast each other off the map.

Such rocket raids would equal any terror raids of the present war, for the rockets would probably land over a wide area and could hardly be pin-pointed on a given target. They might be aimed, but what would happen to them in flight would be something else.

PROFESSOR ROBERT GODDARD, American rocket scientist, has long since discovered that a rocket, at high speed, tends to veer off and on its course and take up a kind of weaving, snake-like trajectory. Such tendences might be corrected with gyroscopic devices, but the accuracy of long distance rocket bombs would remain slight.

In contrast to such fearful possibilities for war one great peacetime use of rockets might be for high-altitude weather analysis. At present, sounding balloons, bearing tiny radio transmitters, are sent aloft, record their data and transmit it back to scientists on earth.

But rockets could do the same job better and at far greater heights if need be.

Rocket enthusiasts see the day when rockets would be used to carry weather instruments aloft to the super-stratosphere and obtain information which perhaps would bring that dream of every one—the unerring weather forecast.

For the future, too, probably some venturesome scientist may actually take off into space, leave the earth and travel either to the moon or some neighboring planet.

Two years ago skeptical scientists would have said that was merely a fanciful dream. Today they are not so sure. At the rate of current progress in rocket propulsion, interplanetary flight should almost certainly come.

In fact, astronomers at the Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia have prepared for The American Weekly the plans for a rocket trip to the moon on April 14 in the year 2033.

On this particular date the earth will eclipse the moon, block out the sun's rays which strike and illuminate the earth's satellite.

If astronomers could reach the moon a few weeks ahead of this astronomical event, they could see it in the reverse direction. They would see the earth eclipse the sun.

A journey to the moon in a rocket involves intricate astronomical calculations, for the rocket would leave the earth and be pointed far ahead of the moon in the sky.

As the rocket travels through space the moon would be moving, and the success of the expedition would hinge on the proper calculations of the point in space where the moon and the rocket would meet.

Many people may worry how a rocket could be slowed down and brought to a gentle stop on some transoceanic flight or on a trip through space to the moon. Rocket experts have already worked out how brakes might be applied.

The method involves placing additional rockets in the nose of the space ship. As the rocket passes beyond the gravitational pull of the earth and into the gravitational attraction of the moon, these forward rockets would be fired gradually and slow up the forward motion. By proper controls they should be able to bring it softly to rest.

One of the worries of people who haven't anything better to worry about is what folks on earth will do when the earth becomes too cold for human civilization as we know it.

It is a long way ahead but certainly the sun's heat is gradually dying out. Eventually—say about a billion years from now—the earth may well become a cold, dead planet unable to support life. But long before that time, men may have solved the way to get off the earth.

By then, or 3,000, perhaps, venturesome pioneers from the earth will be colonizing a planet like Venus, just as the early pioneers moved from New England into the Wild West during the 19th century.

Some day Venus probably will have its own Plymouth Rock, the exact landing spot where the first men from earth reached that planet. And the Blue Book of Mars will not be measured by ancestors who came over on the Mayflower, but by forefathers who came from the earth — the Old World—in space rocket X47-Z12.

After the War

Way Up in the Super-Stratosphere the Huge Airliner of Tomorrow, Propelled by Jets of Fire, Will Travel at Incredible Speeds and Get Us Interested Again About Visiting Our Neighbor Planets

Early Conception of a Giant Moon Rocket Which May Become a Reality Sooner Than You Think. From a Drawing by Max Fleischer.

Model of a Rocket Plane Built by Maurice Poirier in California Almost Two Decades Ago to Operate on the Same Principle That Gives Today's Warplanes a Super-kick in a Tight Spot.

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Use your Velveeta for hearty, nutritious *main* dishes, like these pictured. Or . . . to put "working power" into the lunch box sandwiches. It's precious food; don't waste an ounce of it.

EGG AND SPINACH TREAT WITH VELVEETA SAUCE. Prepare 5 cups chopped, cooked, seasoned spinach and 5 poached eggs. For sauce, melt ½ lb. Velveeta in top of double boiler; gradually add ½ cup milk, stirring until smooth. Arrange five mounds of spinach topped with eggs, and serve with sauce; garnish with radish roses and carrot curls.

VELVEETA CUSTARD. Trim crusts from 3 slices of bread and spread both sides with Parkay Margarine. Cut in cubes. In four individual casseroles place a layer of bread cubes; sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento. Cover with layer of Velveeta cut in cubes. Repeat layers until all bread cubes and ¼ lb. of Velveeta are used. Beat 3 eggs; add ¼ teaspoon dry mustard and 2½ cups of milk. Beat again. Pour over mixture in casseroles. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento. Bake in slow oven (300°), 40 minutes or until set. Serve with hot cooked whole carrots.

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Heir Calls a Foul on the Chiseling Queensberry

"Old Q," the Fourth Duke of Queensberry, Who Could Have Shown Broadway's Sharpest Trickster-Talent Some New Angles.

The Eighth Marquis of Queensberry, Father of the Rules.

Mme. DuBarry, Glamorous Favorite of Louis XV, Crashed London's Social Fences Under "Old Q's" Sponsorship But He Tempted His Luck Too Far When He Tried to Present Her to the King.

An "Old Q" Betting Coup in Which a Man Trundling a Wheel Outsprinted an Unencumbered Opponent.

The Tenth Marquis, Whose Grandfather Made the Box-Fight Rules, in His New Book Exposes an Earlier Forebear as a Sure-Thing Gambler and a Mean Guy Besides

By DAN PARKER

EVER since the Eighth Marquis of Queensberry drew up the modern boxing rules, soon after the American Civil War, this noble Scottish name has stood for fair play.

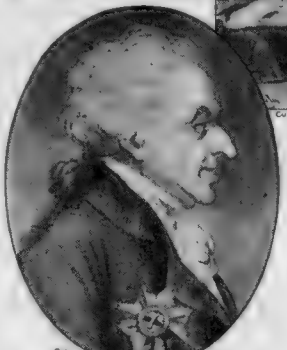
It will probably come as a shock to sports enthusiasts, therefore, to learn from the present Marquis, who has been poking through closets for family skeletons, that the famous sporting code emerged from a background of cheating, chiseling, meanness and other reprehensible practices that do not at all jibe with the connotation the sporting world has long attached to the name of Queensberry.

Some half dozen years ago, the present Marquis, tenth in his line, found himself summoned into the ring at Madison Square Garden one night and introduced to a boxing crowd amid a thunderous ovation.

That sent him delving into the family archives to learn more about his ancestors, and what he found out he has presented in an entertaining book titled "The Sporting Queensberrys."

Two Queensberrys gave the family its sporting background and, taking the present Marquis at his word, neither of them was a bargain. The first of the Douglas line (that is the family name) to make a career of sports was William, fourth and last Duke of Queensberry, an 18th century roue and sure-thing gambler known as "Old Q."

John Sholto Douglas, eighth Marquis of Queensberry, father of the boxing code and grandfather of the present Marquis, was a misanthropist who devoted his declining years to sending scurrilous letters and telegrams to his daughter-in-law. He engaged in street brawls with one son and dragged a revolting family skeleton out into the open by goading Oscar Wilde into having him arrested for criminal libel because of charges he made publicly about Wilde's friendship with his other son, Lord Alfred Douglas.



"Old Q," Penniless at 21, Amassed a Fortune by Never Taking a Chance. He Didn't Give the Suckers an Even Break.

It is with "Old Q" that the tenth Marquis is chiefly concerned in probing into the roots of his family tree.

"Old Q" went to London about 1746 from Scotland, where the Douglas clan had been rooted for centuries.

Two years after arriving in London, "Old Q" owned his own racing string and his three horses won all three races in which they ran.

The playboy Duke's nimble mind worked in the strangest manner imaginable. One day as he was walking down Piccadilly, he saw a carriage maker's assistant trundling a wheel.

The average mind probably would have considered the incident only from the standpoint of how menacing it was to passers-by. "Old Q," the young cutie, saw in it the basis for another gambling coup. Finding the fastest sprinter in London, he let him in on the plot. Queensberry was to bet all comers that he could produce a man who could trundle a wheel faster than a man could run.

On this occasion, the young bloods formed a line on the right to take advantage of "Old Q's" "ridiculous" offer. Meantime, the sprinter was practicing the art of wheel-trundling in private. On the eve of the race, when all bets were down, "Old Q" built at his own expense a track of smooth planking which favored the trundler. So, "Old Q" cleaned up.

"Old Q's" next coup found the sucker crop bigger than ever. This time he offered to bet 1,000 guineas that four horses could pull a carriage and a man as passenger 19 miles in an hour. He experimented with carriages until he found one which, with a rider, weighed only 300 pounds.

The four well-trained horses almost ran away from their driver, covering the course in 53 minutes.

The Duke was 64 before he discovered the fight racket. At Newmarket one day, the Duke's jockey, a tyke named Dick Goodisson, carried out the favorite Queensberry strategy by cutting in front of his rival to block him off, and won for "Old Q."

In the paddock after the race the Duke of Bedford's jockey, Sam Chifney, who had been victimized by the Queensberry cut-in, called Goodisson a name which reflected on his ancestry and the two nippers were at each other's throats.

Queensberry proposed to the Duke of Bedford that the boys settle their differences in the prize ring.

On New Year's Day, 1790, the jockeys "had a go at it." Again "riding to orders," Goodisson let Chifney give him a thorough going-over in the early rounds, a piece of strategy that caused the price to soar to 4 to 1. After Queensberry had covered all the money in sight at these choice odds, he gave Goodisson the high sign and Dick won.

The only "sure thing" that ever went wrong on the sporting Duke was a two-legged filly named Madame DuBarry. She came to England in 1791 and Queensberry offered to show her the town.

At Windsor Castle, the Duke tempted his luck too far when he presented DuBarry to the King. It has been established on Broadway that "DuBarry Was a Lady." On this occasion, it was definitely proved that the King was no gentleman, for he turned his back on the pair.

Beyond writing the modern prize-ring rules, the only thing for which the cantankerous Eighth Marquis of Queensberry will be remembered is that, by bringing about the incarceration of Oscar Wilde, he caused that eccentric genius to pen his classic, "The Ballade of Reading Gaol."

Strange Streamlined Carriage Constructed by "Old Q" to Attain the Astounding Speed of 19 Miles an Hour, and Incidentally Take the Suckers Who Bet He Couldn't Do It.

The Great Elizabeth Kenny Institute in Minneapolis, Monument to the Australian Back Country Nurse's Faith in a Revolutionary Cure That Has Given Back to Hundreds of Little Victims the Ability to Walk.

"God Is MY Doctor"

The Real Story of Her Battle Against Infantile Paralysis

by Sister Elizabeth Kenny

Eighteen Months After an Attack of Paralysis, Opera Star Marjorie Lawrence Returned to the Met.

Medical Die-Hards, Refusing to Believe a Woman Could Succeed Where They Had Failed, Called Her a Quack, Charlatan—and Worse; But the Courageous Nurse Persisted in Her Fight Against Childhood's Most Despicable Enemy.

CHAPTER II

SO FAR there is no real cure for infantile paralysis. There is no preventive known. Each year the disease becomes more prevalent. Each year it spreads to new regions.

Apparently we can't stop it entirely—yet. But we can forestall its worst manifestation the crippling of its victims.

Here are some interesting statistics released recently after a broad survey.

With the orthodox treatment for infantile paralysis—the only treatment available in this country before 1940—recoveries without crippling were 13 per cent.

With no treatment at all, recoveries without crippling were 17 per cent.

With the Kenny treatment, recoveries without crippling were 86.5 per cent.

Let those figures speak for themselves. When I look at them, they take me back 33 years to a back-country home in my native Australia—a long, rambling home built of slabs, with a bark roof and a wide veranda. It was there, with the divine guidance of the greatest Healer of all, that I met my first case of infantile paralysis—and conquered it.

Responding to the urgent plea of a messenger, I had galloped my pony 15 miles through the bushland to find little Amy McNeil in the throes of a strange malady that frightened me.

I had telegraphed my faithful friend and mentor, Dr. Aeneas McDonnell, for advice and had received the un-nerving reply: "Infantile paralysis. No known treatment. Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves."

I had tried many things to relieve the pain in those tortured limbs. Finally, in desperation, I had wrapped them in squares of blanket warmed in boiling water.

And it worked

I was 23 years old that night in the dimly lit room so long ago when I stood by the bedside of Amy McNeil and watched sleep close those blue, blue eyes. I am 57 now, and I'm still wrapping hot pieces of wool around the pain-wracked bodies of my patients. It's a fundamental part of the Kenny treatment for infantile paralysis.

I said a prayer as I waited for Amy's eyes to open again. Presently, she moaned softly.

"What is it, child?" I asked.

"Please," she whispered, "I want them rags that wells my legs."

Eight words spoken by a child. Eight words of endorsement. They were the kind of words I had to cherish as my best reward during most of the ensuing 30-odd years that I was to battle for recognition of my method

At first, I was called a quack, a charlatan, and worse, year after year, in Australia, England and the United States, by men who simply refused to believe that a nurse from "the bush" could devise a treatment which succeeded where they had failed.

But I could ignore them. My reward was such words as Amy's and the tears of joy when mothers saw their children walk again.

All that long night the fire crackled and the kettle boiled and the cold strips of wool were hot again and fitful sleep gave its blessed relief to a little child. I grew very tired. But the strength of Another kept me at my task. And there was so much to do. The fear complex had to be conquered. The pattern of movement had to be restored.

It was a crude beginning, a halting, fumbling start with God for my doctor. He gave me the knowledge I have and, I think, He patterned my life so that I would have time to pass on to others the knowledge I gained that night and added to through the years.

Later that morning, an agitated man rode into the McNeil yard, leaped from his horse and ran up to me with the announcement that his 10-year-old son and his 4-year-old daughter were sick.

"They have the cow disease," he said. "They went lame yesterday, just like the cattle have been doing for the past two or three weeks. Today they can't move."

IT STARTLES me now to think how calmly I took the news from that father of seven children. More infantile paralysis! Yes, I had heard the disease always struck down several children in the area where it appeared. But now I knew what to do—"the best I could with the symptoms."

I told Mrs. McNeil to continue the hot packs when Amy awoke. Thunderbolt stood saddled in the yard when I came out. I rode with the rancher to his homestead four miles away.

There were only 20 children in that sparsely inhabited district. Within a week six of them were stricken. I rode from ranch to ranch, sleeping where I could, eating when I had time, filling pans with boiling water, dipping squares of wool, applying them to twisted limbs.

But when the pain was gone, the children lay helpless and again a terrible problem confronted me. I had conquered the pain, but my patients were unable to move their limbs.

My mind went back to my brother William. Of my five sisters and four brothers, he had been the only weakling. I had devoted eight years to a study of anatomy so I could make him strong. Not only did I succeed, but in the process I learned much about the human body. Was that another link in the chain of life that lay ahead of me? Was it ordained that my brother needed help so that I might acquire that knowledge?

The fear that gripped me was being dissipated. Further examination convinced me that the painful muscles had become lengthened and were functioning satisfactorily. But the muscles that had not produced torture were lying idle, refusing to act. The brain had, so to speak, forgotten about them. My task was to re-establish the brain-path so that these children might walk again.

How I did it is too involved a process to describe at this point. But the cries of pain were stilled. Laughter returned to those lonely homes in the bush. Presently my six little ones were sitting up. Then they were out of bed and running across the hills once more.

Yet not until spring was moving into summer did I realize the discovery I had made that winter night at the McNeil homestead.

I heard a shout in the distance—"Coo—ee—ee," the Australian call that is known from the Gulf of Carpenteria to the Great Australian Bight. I saw him coming, riding recklessly through the bush, and then he was in the yard, grinning at me—my friend, Dr. McDonnell. I made him a pot of tea and presently he asked:

"How are your little patients?"

"All right," I said, matter-of-factly. It didn't occur to me that they should be otherwise.

"You don't mean they're recovered?" There was unbelief in his tone.

"Of course," I said.

He hurled a series of rapid-fire questions. I answered them. Finally he said:

"Elizabeth, you've treated those youngsters for symptoms exactly the opposite of the symptoms recognized by the orthodox medical men of today."

He left the room and returned a moment later with his saddle bag. From it he took an impressive-looking volume. Without a word he handed it to me. I opened it. It was a book on infantile paralysis, and as I read passage after passage, I became more and more amazed.

"They don't say anything about spasm," I exclaimed. "That's what I saw. That's what I treated."

"You have the eyes of youth," he said gently. "And the eyes of youth see clearly."

My eyes are the eyes of age now, but I think they see clearly still. I think I know why.

God wanted them to see, and it was not only the poor and humble, the little children of the Australian bush, that He wanted His vision, through mine, to encompass. He wanted the highly-placed to have a share in His mercy, too, if they are humble enough in spirit and proud enough in the courage born of faith.

Their Skepticism Wiped Out by Her Near-Miraculous Results, Doctors and Nurses Crowd Around While Sister Kenny Shows How to Re-educate Paralysis-Damaged Muscles.

THREE years ago Marjorie Lawrence, the Australian-born opera singer, was stricken with paralysis during a trip to Mexico with her bridegroom. It was vaccine paralysis, the result of a smallpox vaccination before she left New York City, but the results were the same as poliomyelitis.

She was given various forms of treatment, and then she came to see me in Minneapolis. It was a pleasure to work with her, because of her wonderful courage. It was an indomitable will, as much as any therapy, that enabled her, 18 months later, to reappear at the Metropolitan Opera.

She was brought on the stage in a wheel-chair and lifted to a divan, from which she sang the role of Venus in Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" as she had never sung it before. Since then she has sung again on the concert and opera stages, with ever-deepening mellowness and artistry. Recently she was able to take several steps unaided, and next year she hopes to stand during her concerts.

Fate isn't always so kind to those who deserve it. I remember the case of Kevin Breen, a boy I treated in Australia. He was a paralytic from birth. Both legs, both arms and his neck were affected, and the doctors had abandoned all hope of improving him.

When he came to the clinic he was 11 years old. He walked like a drunken man, with his left leg stiff, his right shuffling, his head bobbing backward and forward with each movement. His arms were held stiffly at his sides. He used to fall often and had difficulty in getting up again. He was dull mentally and could hardly talk.

He stayed at the clinic three years. When he left he could feed, bathe and dress himself. He walked fairly well.

From the clinic he went to boarding school. He learned Italian and taught English to a class of Italian boys. He became a leader in sports and captain of the cricket team. But, since he had been a cripple at the age when most boys learn to swim, that was one ability he had never acquired.

During the school holidays, when he was 16, Kevin went boating with his 10-year-old brother. Their craft capsized. The brother tried to hold Kevin up but he couldn't. After having made a success out of a life that seemed destined to be a failure, Kevin drowned.

Infantile paralysis respects courage and faith, but it is no respecter of rank. It strikes rich and poor with equal violence, as the records show in the beautiful building which the City of Minneapolis Public Welfare Board dedicated on Dec. 17, 1942, and named the Elizabeth Kenny Institute.

Because I am called Sister Kenny, many believe I belong to some Catholic religious order. "Sister" is the rank I earned as a nurse in the British Army during the last war. What church one belongs to does not matter to me. A priest, a rabbi and a minister took part in the dedication that cold December day. I remember best of all these words, spoken by the Rev. Dr. Bernard M. Christensen:

"Let Thy blessing now, we entreat Thee, be upon the institution which we today are to consecrate to Thy glory and to the service of Thy needy and stricken children. May the spirit of Thy divine compassion and the light of Thy presence ever strengthen those who shall minister to human weakness and human pain. Grant that in these halls of healing there may never lack the wise counsel, the unfailing skill and the full measure of devotion needed to carry forward the work which has been so nobly begun."

Also I remember hearing Dr. Herman Bundensen say, at a meeting of prominent medical men in Chicago last summer:

"When the Saviour of Men was sought, He did not come from the palace of the great. And when a great medical reformer was chosen for this disease, the Divine Leader did not choose from the halls of science, but took a lowly worker from the Bushland of Australia."

I accepted those words proudly, not for myself but for my children. They signaled a victory in a battle that started 33 years ago. I prayed for guidance then and it was given. I found a new concept of a disease and a treatment for it. Men were deaf and turned their backs. Now the ears that refused to hear are deaf no longer, and there will be so much less suffering for my children in this tortured world.

Next week Sister Kenny will tell how infantile paralysis may be diagnosed in its early stages.

Were These Guns Found in the Ruins the Weapons Used in the Murder?

Mystery of the Fiery Phantom

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

The Identity of the Strange Killer Who Piled His Victims in a Neat Heap, Lay in Wait for Unsuspecting Farmer Oberst, Then Fired the House and Vanished, Has Puzzled the Flint Hills of Kansas for 16 Years.

ON A spring evening in 1928, just as the chickens were going to roost and the cows settling in their stalls and night was spreading its mantle of quiet over the Kansas countryside, farmers saw a dull, red glow against the sky over El Dorado.

There was a fog, but the red glow pierced it. At first the farmers thought somebody was burning straw stacks to clear the ground for planting, although it was late in the season for that. Then they thought a prairie fire might be licking the Flint Hills section.

Then one farmer got the notion the glow was too bright for burning straw or grass. He roused a drowsing mare and jogged down the road in search of the source. He found it at the farm of a neighbor, where the home of William Oberst was going up in flames. And it was too late to do anything about it. He could only watch the destruction of the house.

The farmer was looking at a funeral pyre, but didn't know it. He was hearing witness to mass murder that never happened before or since in the Flint Hills. He was the solitary audience at a stark mystery that has only deepened with the years.

When the fire died out, the farmer was appalled. He discovered the body of Neighbor Oberst just outside the kitchen doorway. In what had been the kitchen lay the bodies of Mrs. Oberst and four of her children - Dorothea, 16; Ralph, 14; Hugh, 10, and Herbert, 6. The body of Edith, 8, was in the charred ruins of the living room.

What was going on in this little community? This was the eighth disastrous fire within a few months. All but one of the Miller family, who lived near by, were wiped out in a mysterious blaze that killed mother, father and three children. Only Harvey, 15, escaped.

In quick succession there were six other fires in the vicinity.

While deputy sheriffs were poking among the ruins of the Oberst home, Owen Oberst, 17, turned into the lane leading to the house. Clarence Wilson, who had a farm near by, met him as he sped along in the family's small motor car.

Owen (Top Left) Only Surviving Member of the Oberst Family, With His 5 Brothers and Sisters.

The youth's story was that he left the house early to see a movie at Florence, about 20 miles away. Afterward he went to a dance.

A day or two later, a post-mortem examination of the bodies disclosed that at least some of the victims had been shot before they were burned. The weapon was a .22 calibre rifle. Then it was revealed that Owen had his father's wallet, containing $37.

The authorities questioned Owen again. What he said then comprised a tale of high crime. But it was not his final word, which makes the death of the Oberst family the mystery it is today.

In his statement Owen said he had quarreled with his father over use of the car to attend the movie and dance. In a rage, he said, he called four of his brothers and sisters to the kitchen and shot them one by one. Dorothea, the eldest daughter, and his mother were in another part of the house and, hearing the shots, hurried to the room. His next shot felled Dorothea; the next, his mother, he said.

After that, Owen claimed, he dragged the body of Edith to the living room and then he piled the others in the kitchen. Then, he told the authorities, he waited for his father to return in the car. When Oberst arrived, Owen said, he shot him as he was about to enter the kitchen and, after robbing his father, he saturated the bodies with kerosene.

That done, Owen went to his room and changed to his Sunday best. On his way out, he said, he touched a match to the bodies of his family. Then he went his way to the movie.

There were loopholes in Owen's story. He wouldn't say what device he used to lure his brothers and sisters to the kitchen. He was vague about the shooting itself, saying he just closed his eyes and fired. Some people in the community thought he was lying.

But he stuck to his story and was taken before Judge George Benson for sentence. Then came the dramatic sensation.

"Was this confession made of your own free will?" Judge Benson asked him.

"No sir!" Owen exclaimed. "It was not!"

A stick of dynamite couldn't have rocked the courtroom more.

When Judge Benson recovered from his surprise, he asked Owen: "Why, then, did you confess the crime?"

"'Cause they made me," he said.

So Owen was sent to jail to await trial. There he pulled another rabbit out of his bag of tricks. Suddenly, one day, he demanded to be taken before Judge Benson. He recanted his denial of the statement, saying he had killed his family.

Judge Benson thereupon sentenced Owen to life imprisonment.

The legerdemain began again. He's up, he's down; it's on, it's off; he's in, he's out.

Scarcely was he in prison under sentence when he once again changed his story. He went back to the courtroom tale of being threatened and beaten into confessing.

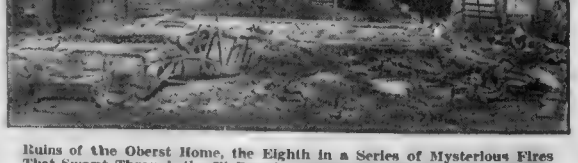
So the authorities were right back where they started. Judge Benson ordered the bodies exhumed and a new examination showed that bullets had penetrated at least two of them. The life sentence was set aside and Owen was directed to stand trial.

There wasn't any direct evidence. No living person had seen the shots fired. Nobody had seen the torch touched to the house. The State had to rely on circumstantial evidence and made much of the quarrel and the youth's reputation for going into temper tantrums.

The defense held that Owen couldn't have killed so many persons at one time. Confession by duress was a big issue.

The jury was confused and couldn't agree. It was discharged and Owen went to trial a second time. The result was the same—a hung jury.

By that time everybody in the county had made up his mind one way or another. So the State gave up. The indictment was nol-prossed. Owen was set free. Nobody knows where he is today and nobody knows who killed the Oberst family.



Ruins of the Oberst Home, the Eighth in a Series of Mysterious Fires That Swept Through the El Dorado Community Within a Few Months.

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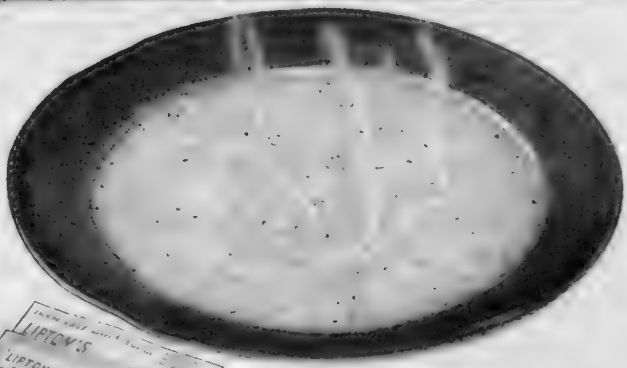

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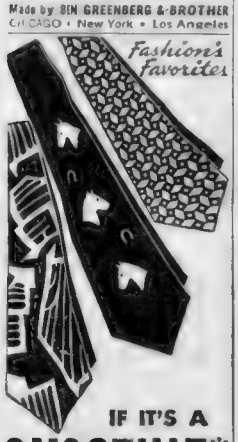

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Won a Bet—Got a Bride

THE other day when Lance Corporal Leslie Shoobridge walked into the Register's Office at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, to marry pretty Dorothy Jean Coogan, it marked the climax of an unusual five-year courtship by mail a romance in which the British soldier, oddly enough, won his bride on a bet.

It all began back in March, 1938, when Shoobridge, then 21, was stationed with the British Army in India. Strolling into the guardroom of his barracks one evening he happened on a soldier friend who was busily writing letters. A mountain of mail and snapshots was in front of him.

"Running a matrimonial agency?" Shoobridge jokingly asked.

"It looks like it," the soldier replied. "But they're only pen pals. I write to about 50 of 'em."

The lance corporal idly leafed through the pile. Spotting the picture of an extremely attractive girl, he picked it up.

"Now she's what I call a knockout," exclaimed Shoobridge.

The soldier grunted disapproval.

"She may be long on looks," he commented, "but she's certainly short on letter-writing. I only heard from her once—the first letter with the picture. I've written a dozen times since, but never a reply. Her name is Dorothy Coogan. She lives in Newcastle."

Shoobridge, still gazing at the picture, said casually, "I'll bet she'd write to me."

The soldier laughed. "I've got 10 shillings ($2) that says if you write, she'll never answer."

Shoobridge took the bet. Ten minutes later he was busily writing to the girl at her Newcastle home, apologizing for his effrontery, but making no mention of the wager.

Weeks went by—and no letter. The amused friend kept kidding Shoobridge, asking him when he was going to pay up. The lance corporal was insistent that he would get a reply, and kept reminding his friend that their army post was thousands of miles from Newcastle, and letters took a little time.

The Lance Corporal Wagered 10 Shillings That the Girl Would Answer His Letter—But He Didn't Expect to Lead Her to the Altar.

Then one day, when Shoobridge had just about given up hope and was getting ready to pay off, a letter arrived. It was from Dorothy. The triumphant lance corporal lost no time in collecting.

It hadn't been Shoobridge's intention to write again. He had sent his first letter just because of the bet, but the girl's reply intrigued him so he wrote another letter. And she replied.

For five years the two kept up a steady correspondence. Finally, in one letter, Shoobridge wrote:

"If we could only get married by letter I would do so, because I feel I know you."

In her reply, Dorothy, who was two years Shoobridge's junior, indicated she felt the same way.

When the lance corporal was transferred back to England, the first thing he did, after getting his furlough, was to head for Newcastle. Ten minutes after meeting Dorothy for the first time, Shoobridge was hurrying to the Register's Office—to take as his wife the girl he had literally won on a bet.

When the newspapers heard how the soldier had carried on his courtship and why, the newlyweds found themselves in the spotlight and the pleased, if embarrassed, center of public interest.

Mrs. Shoobridge freely admitted that she had failed to answer many a letter written to her by men in the service—but that there was a humor and sincerity in her husband's written words that "caught her fancy."

"If any friend had told me that I'd do my courting by mail," she said, "I'd have laughed in her face—but the laugh is on me and I'm very happy about the whole thing."

The bride will keep right on doing her bit as a bus conductress.

NEXT WEEK

"Cannibals are the NICEST People"
says
WILLIAM SEABROOK

What are cannibals really like? Two white traders were slaughtered and eaten—yet our Marines found the same natives likable and trustworthy. It depends on whether you treat them decently, explains author-explorer William Seabrook, which is why Japs end up as dinners.

In the April 9 issue of
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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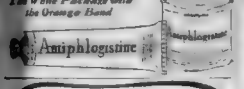
Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



No Wonder I Feel So Fine!

. . . I get Red Heart Dog Biscuits—for good looks and health! They give teeth a grand workout, too!

Your grocer has Red Heart Dog Biscuits—*heart-shaped* or *kibbled*—in 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Back the attack—
Buy more War Bonds!

Catches Spirits—Paints 'Em Green

The Living Room Walls of the Little Stone House Shown Above Are Covered With the Green Outlines of No Less Than 72 Spirits. Henry Simons, at the Right, Says They're Not Just His Idea of Interior Decoration.

ONE DAY back in 1940 when Mrs. Henry Simons, a Miami housewife, returned to her home after a shopping excursion, she was flabbergasted to find her husband calmly drawing pictures on the living room wall with green paint.

"Henry John Simons!" she shouted. "What are you doing?"

Simons, who had just finished touching up a crude profile of a man smoking a pipe, sheepishly put down his bucket.

"It sounds silly," he explained. "But I was just sitting there in the chair, looking at the wall, and thinking of nothing in particular, when the outline of a face appeared. It sort of looked like a Cuban smoking a pipe. So I got the paint and brush and drew in what I saw."

Exercising her wifely prerogative, Mrs. Simons hit the ceiling. She demanded that Henry wipe off the paint immediately. He refused. Stoutly defending his art, Simons said that he was convinced that the outline of the face meant that a spirit had visited their house.

That was four years ago. Today one wall of the Simons' living room looks like a theatre mural. No less than 72 "ghost drawings" cover it. There are outline portraits of everybody from William Shakespeare to George Washington. Even Eleanor Roosevelt is there.

Simons, who built his little one-story house himself out of native rock in a pine tree clearing on Miami's 68th St., thinks that his place has become a rendezvous for restless spirits. – ghosts that have no other place to go.

Here's the way Simons explains it:

"There's nothing hard to understand about spirits. Anyone that wants to can do it. They are around all the time trying to get people to notice them. I can see them when other people can't.

"It is my theory that spirits will manifest themselves if people give them half a chance. I give them every opportunity."

The spirit and the mind, according to Simons' idea, are one, and often do not stay with one's body. This accounts for a spirit, like Eleanor Roosevelt's, popping up in the Simons' cottage in Miami when actually the First Lady is in Washington, D. C.—or at least that's the way the spirit artist explains it.

Now that Simons has got his rough concrete living room wall covered with his handiwork, his wife isn't sore any more. She likes the decorations.

Although Simons claims he can see the spirit faces on his walls, oddly enough, he says he doesn't believe in spiritualism.

"I am against spiritualism," he declares, "but this is different. It's spiritual television and ought to prove to any disbeliever that there is a hereafter."

Although Mrs. Simons has come to look with approval on her husband's spirit drawings, she makes him confine his wall painting to the living room.

Now! 2 gorgeous Curtain Colors
ECRU
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PEACH
for Cheerful Wartime Homes!
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COSTS LESS THAN 1¢ A CURTAIN!
What a beautiful shade of Ecru! What a lovely, luscious Peach! And what an *easy* money-saving way to stimulate your home-front morale! A dip and a swish in TINTEX, that's all! No boiling! These *special* quality dyes for ALL fabrics bring the sparkle of new color and new life to dull, faded curtains. Easy, quick, perfect results. Used by millions. Only 10¢ and 15¢ at drug, department and 10¢ stores.
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All-fabric
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The Gang's All Here—Again

No. 4—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

The Coming Postwar Period of Readjustment With the Demobilization of Our Armies and Industry's Change Over to Peacetime Production Will Inevitably Spawn a Horde of Daring and Ruthless Desperadoes as It Did in the '20s—But This Time Trained Agents of the FBI Will Be Ready for Them.

CHARLIE CHAPMAN, one of the cleverest and most ruthless and least known of the outlaws who roamed the great Southwest, was sentenced to a grand total of 155 years in prison.

Yet, according to the records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, he served only two years and five months of these sentences before he fell on Feb. 22, 1942, in a losing battle with the law.

Charlie was the vanishing American.

He broke jail three times, twice after being elevated to the post of trusty, and escaped over and over again in gun battles with officers.

Compared with him, highly publicized hoodlums like Baby Face Nelson and Pretty Boy Floyd, even John Dillinger, were just beginners. In his vacations from prison, he robbed four banks, kidnaped six individuals, stole nine automobiles, and participated in innumerable assaults, hold-ups and shootings with intent to kill.

Yet, little more than ten years ago, he was a highly successful, highly reputable young business man who had amassed, by hard work and reputation for personal integrity, a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars.

Gradually he extended his business operations from Oklahoma and Arkansas to Texas and Louisiana and finally to Florida.

The last-named venture, the most ambitious of his career, involved the building of a highway through the Everglades. It was a big contract, and the Chapman Construction Company was by way of becoming Big Business.

Then nature conspired with the panic of 1929 to bring him down. In Arkansas the Ouachita River overflowed its banks and washed out an $80,000 stretch of highway which he had just completed; and under his contract with the State he was obliged to replace it at his own expense.

In Florida the treacherous Everglades, whose 5,000 square miles of swampland have so long resisted the efforts of mankind to conquer them, hit Chapman an even harder blow. The times did the rest.

Embittered, Chapman took to robbing the banks from which, as a respected business man, he had previously borrowed.

"I am a depression bandit," he explained.

Now this story, which has nothing to do with the war or with the postwar conditions which we of the Federal Bureau of Investigation as law enforcement officers must face, has been selected from thousands in the Bureau's files because it illustrates a fact with which we have long been familiar: that any drastic change, whether from prosperity to depression or peace to war or war to peace, brings with it sudden and unexpected cases of individual collapse fraught with danger to the public weal.

To deny that we are facing such a period of drastic readjustment in the long-hoped-for and much-wanted coming of peace is to deny the incontrovertible evidence to be culled from our own experience.

We lived, but barely, through Gang Era I which followed World War I, and we would be blind indeed if we did not recognize the signs of an incipient Gang Era II which threatens to follow World War II.

Charlie Chapman as a Reputable Business Man (Left) And (Right) After He Turned "Depression Bandit," and Made Dillinger Look Like a Pantywaist.

PLENTY of cases like Chapman's will emerge, not only from the high and low and middle ranks of our armed forces and our war production forces, but from what we loosely call the general public, before the period of readjustment is over. It could not be otherwise; never was otherwise.

Just as there were depression bandits in the Thirties, there were postwar bandits in the Twenties, will be in the Forties. The job of law enforcement is to plan right now how best to hold to a minimum the last mentioned group.

First off, postwar planning may seem to be no part of the business of our Bureau. In a way, that is true. We are not lawmakers or economists or even sociologists in the academic sense; certainly we are not seers.

It is not our province or within our powers to foretell the future. But in our special niche of law enforcement we have faced war and peace, depression and overabundance, and have found all of them looming equally large as menaces to law and order.

We must plan, therefore, not the future—but to meet in our sphere of usefulness whatever the future may contain.

On some points the picture of what the postwar period holds for us is already clear.

For example, the 16,000,000 women now doing war work won't all have jobs. A good many

By J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins

John Dillinger, Most Publicized Criminal of Gang Era I, Came to the End of the Trail When the FBI Set a Death Trap for Him Outside a Chicago Theatre.

Some Old Rackets of the Dry Era Have Been Resurrected by Scarcities, J. Edgar Hoover Discloses, and in Frank, Unvarnished Words Tells Us What We and Our Children, and the FBI Are Up Against

Evelyn Frechette, Sweetheart of Outlaw Dillinger, Learned the Hard Way That "Crime Doesn't Pay."

of them won't want them.

Some of them went into war work for patriotic reasons, some to support families of men away at war, some—especially the young wives of soldiers and sailors—because they were lonely and wanted something to do; many are too old or too young to work except in time of emergency.

For all these reasons, there may be a much speedier and smoother demobilization of womanpower, girlpower and old-agepower than alarmists predict. Domesticity, romance and old-age security benefits will be powerful allies in bringing this about speedily.

Nevertheless, at a time when our records show crimes committed by women increasing in inverse ratio to those committed by men, we of law enforcement cannot ignore the dire possibilities which lie in a sudden change in the economic situation of any considerable number of women workers.

Among men war-workers, too, there are bound to be adjustments, some of them acute. Although the great majority of family wage-earners will ultimately find new jobs, they may have to stand by a while for reconversion just as they did for conversion.

Steps are already being taken, both by private and public agencies, to make this period of standing by less arduous than it was after World War I. But—even granting the fact that business and government both face a building-up and climbing-back program which will demand a maximum of manpower—economists tell us that it is unlikely, for many years to come, that we shall again attain the nearly 100 per cent employment which we now enjoy.

Which does not mean that every unemployed man or woman is a potential criminal or that the FBI regards him as such.

What it does mean, though, is that, in a certain percentage of cases, it is just as true as it was in Isaac Watt's day that if Man does not find work for idle hands, Satan will.

In short, both men and women face a period of industrial change, in some cases a period of sharp financial depletion, which contains, as it did in the case of the successful business man who became a depression bandit, the potentialities of evil.

Granting that these economic problems are not anywhere nearly so insoluble as alarmists would have us believe, there remains what might be called the mental hazard.

Men and women, both those in the armed forces and those in the war production factories, have had their course of life sharply diverted, in some cases deeply disturbed. Many families have been separated both geographically and by drastic changes in domestic routine.

The hazard should be less with a gradual return to normal conditions. With the vast majority of returning soldiers, this will also be true. But there will be continuing danger from this widespread disruption while the nation as well as the nation's business is being reconverted to peace.

There is a criminal, just as there is a lunatic, fringe around every large group, however formed. The armed forces and the war production forces cannot be expected to be exempt.

Military discipline will have corrected or eliminated many of the borderline cases that got by overworked draft boards and physicians. Shellshock, under modern medical treatment, is not one-tenth the menace it was in World War I.

THE great majority of our enlisted men, statistics show, are notably sober and well-behaved. There is cheering news, too, of thousands of young men who have not been to church for years attending regularly the stirring undenominational services conducted by chaplains on every front.

Taking all these things into consideration, we can well believe that the country should benefit, not suffer, when Johnny comes marching home.

Yet, who can blind himself to the fact that 10,000,000 men, trained to use firearms and inured to their use, thrown suddenly into a country already tense from war strain and the constant threat of subversive activities, presents a law-enforcement problem which must be faced with alert, wide-opened eyes?

So much for the dark side of the picture. Now for the bright. The problem exists, yes.

But it is not as big as alarmists would have us believe, and if you, the public, will stand firmly behind your local, State and Federal law enforcement officers, it is certainly not an insoluble one.

The gangsters of the Twenties and early Thirties were born of social conditions which accompanied, not the economic distress which present-day pessimists foresee as a post-war eventuality, but a too great and too quick prosperity which encouraged, even invited, get-rich-quick crime.

This condition, pessimists and optimists agree, is not likely to exist immediately after this war.

But even if the coming of peace does precipitate another gangster era, we have ways of dealing with it which did not exist at the end of World War I and the beginning of Gang Era I.

That is why the latter got such a headstart that it actually took a decade and a half to catch up with it.

If there is to be a Gang Era II, one thing is certain; it won't get that same headstart.

Until 1934, when Congress implemented the FBI with anti-crime laws which made it what it is today, that organization was little more than an inquiry and accounting unit.

Its special agents could not make arrests, could not even carry guns to defend themselves. Their investigative jurisdiction was so circumscribed as to make them virtually helpless to cope with organized crime.

But things are different now.

Also, in the Twenties and early Thirties there was no such whole-hearted cooperation and mutual confidence as now exists between Federal, State and Municipal law enforcement bodies.

This time we are ready.

Next week, in his final article, Mr. Hoover will tell about what the war is doing to women.

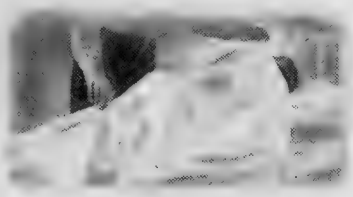
Cheering News for the Dark Days Ahead, Mr. Hoover Believes, Is That Thousands of Young Men Who Have Not Been to Church for Years Are Attending Regularly the Stirring Religious Services Conducted by Chaplains at Every Front.

NEW TRIUMPHS OF MODERN MEDICINE

Tetanus Toxoid

miracle serum that defeats creeping death - lockjaw!

'*I like this man's army*, you understand—but I'm one of those allergic guys whose stomach gets upset after taking 'shots.' So when my turn came to take Tetanus Toxoid, I kicked plenty about having to take still another new 'shot.' Probably because I was the last guy that day, the Doc, a kindly-looking Captain, just ignored my beefing and said: 'I want to tell you a story about Tetanus.' So I squatted, and he began talking:"



'*Back in '17*, as a youngster in the A.E.F., I saw my first case of tetanus, or "lockjaw." The victim had probably been infected a week before. Already his jaw had become fixed, rigid. As the tetanus poison spread, his body was wrenched into frequent spasms that literally lifted him off the hospital cot. Next his arms and legs became paralyzed. Finally the muscles controlling his breathing were attacked, and the poor devil watched his own muscles slowly choke the breath from his body.

'*Tetanus never attacks the mind*, so despite the drugs I gave him, his brain was wide-awake most of the time. Terror-stricken, he watched death slowly creep upon him, finally take him by suffocation'..."When the Doc finished his story, I held out my right arm. 'Thanks for the story, Captain!' I said. 'And thanks for making *this* inoculation compulsory. This one sure makes my chances of coming back plenty brighter!' ◆ And look, folks...could any guy have a *finer* girl to fight for... and come home to?"

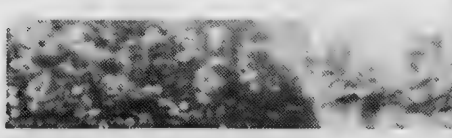
What is TETANUS TOXOID?

Tetanus Toxoid is simply tetanus poison stripped of its poisonous qualities, but retaining all its power to build resistance against tetanus in the human body. Injected into the blood stream, it causes the cells to produce an *antidote* to tetanus poison, which is known as antitoxin. That is the miracle of Tetanus Toxoid...it stimulates the body to manufacture its *own* tetanus antidote!

A drab colored fluid, Tetanus Toxoid Serum has a colorful record in World War II. Thanks to it, not a single one of our boys has died from Tetanus thus far, and only seven cases of Tetanus have been reported since Pearl Harbor! Remember, this same Tetanus is the germ that killed more than 90% of its victims by slow torture, prior to World War I.

Today, through Medical Corps insistence, Tetanus Toxoid is a *compulsory* inoculation for every man and woman in the U. S. Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Three spaced "shots" are given in this country, a fourth upon entering a theatre of war, and renewal doses every four months thereafter. To build up antitoxin in his body far above the usual level, a wounded man is given an emergency "boosting" dose of Toxoid.

And this wonder Toxoid is fighting Tetanus to a standstill—has proved 100% effective in thwarting Lockjaw's Creeping Death! This means that your son, your sweetheart, your husband in our Fighting Forces now has unfailing protection against the terrors of Tetanus.



A SALUTE FROM BAYER ASPIRIN TO THE HEROIC PERSONNEL OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

Another Brilliant Medical Victory—Just as Tetanus Toxoid has been victorious over lethal lockjaw, so has Aspirin achieved a great triumph over pain. Whenever men of medicine fight pain, Bayer Aspirin is known and trusted for its sure, rapid relief.

Through doctor's advice and through the privilege of choosing by brand name—freely and with an open mind—the product they prefer, the American people have used more Bayer Aspirin in their homes for the swift, dependable relief of headache, neuritic and neuralgic pain than any other analgesic. So for relief that's reliable and also swift, ask for Bayer Aspirin by its full name. And be sure the tablets you buy are stamped "BAYER"—the famous name in Aspirin.

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PIPER Cub
FOR ALL AMERICANS

Science Checks Up on Love

WHEN boy meets girl —why do they fall in love?

For a long time people have nursed the idea that cupid draws his bow because "opposites attract." But now along come two scientists—Dr. Ernest W. Burgess, of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Paul Wallin, of Stanford University—who knock the old theory for a loop.

After six years of study, including a survey of 1,000 engaged couples, the two research experts report that their findings show that opposites do not attract. Boys and girls, they say, who have many traits in common are more likely to get married and live happily ever after than a couple with diametrically opposed tastes.

The two scientists asked the affianced couples all kinds of personal questions and pried into their family backgrounds, religion, ideas on courtship, and conceptions of marriage. From their answers, the two professors concluded that there was no shadow of doubt that "like marries like."

The most important factor governing marriage, the scientists discovered, is religious affiliation. Persons who adhere to the same faith are more likely to be attracted to each other. The next most important influence is similar family cultural background. Other elements, in the order of their importance, are family relationships, social participation, courtship behavior, and conceptions of marriage.

"From our survey it was apparent that marriages occur more frequently within the same religious faith than within any other kind of grouping," Dr. Burgess explained. "People are apt to marry people of their own religion even more than they are apt to marry people who live in their own neighborhood. This does not mean actually going to church, either, but being of the same religious faith."

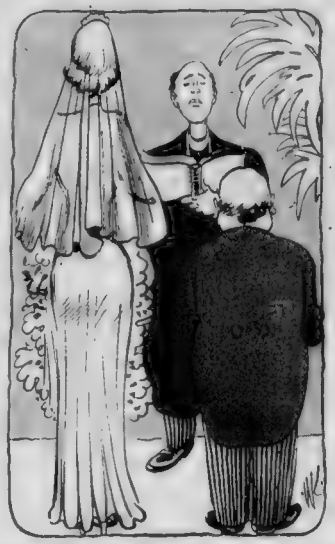
The two professors discovered that the children of parents born in this country tend to marry children of parents born here, while the offspring of foreign parents seem to "go for" children of other parents born outside of the United States. In the same way, there is a striking indication that boys and girls who in childhood lived in communities of the same size later get married rather than becoming "hitched" to men and women who grew up in communities either much larger or much smaller than the ones in which they themselves were born.

Education also seems to have a definite tie-up with the choice in marriage. It was found that there is a greater-than-chance probability that persons with graduate or professional training will select marriage partners of the same educational level. Schools seem to be a good meeting place for the sexes and people who have a relatively similar education are more likely to have common interests.

There is even a more definite tie-up between background and marriage, for it seems that young girls and boys who live in rooming houses or hotels seem to fall in love with others who also live away from their homes.

"Stay-at-homes" in general do not marry those who like to be "on-the-go," and dance enthusiasts seek each other's company. This even holds true for drinkers and smokers, for people who like both these things seldom go with abstainers.

If you are planning to get married, it is the advice of the two research experts that you find out in how many ways you and your prospective mate are alike before tripping up to the altar—remembering that the odds against your marriage being a success are great if there are too many of what are called basic differences.



The Old Belief That Opposites Attract Has Been Disproved Over and Over Again. It Seems to Be the Similarity in Background and Taste That Draws Couples Together.

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CAN YOUR HAIR STAND A
"NASAL CLOSE-UP"?

If you want men to keep their distance—maybe it doesn't matter.

But remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Many girls also have a tendency toward oily hair, which can easily form an odor. Check up on yourself . . . your hat, your hairbrush . . . your pillow.

It's so easy to play safe. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

The delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work—then disappears . . . leaving your scalp clean and fresh. Be sure of yourself—start the Packers habit tonight. You can get this fine shampoo at any drug department or ten-cent store.

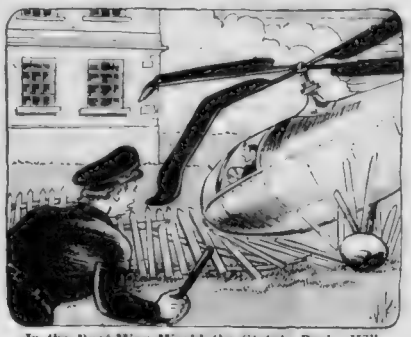
PACKER'S Pine Tar SHAMPOO

The patented filter is the heart of Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 mesh-screen baffles whirlcool smoke—retain flakes—and absorb moisture. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY IS TOPS

When Airplanes Crash Into the Law



In the Post-War World the Statute Books Will Have Lots of Laws Dealing With the Operation of Planes.

ALL the prophecies about the kind of world we are going to have after the war agree on one thing—that the airplane is going to be the common mode of travel.

The future suburban home, according to industrialists, will have its garage, landing space and helicopter.

If people are going to hop from place to place in flying flivvers, then one thing is unavoidable, namely accidents. There are bound to be collisions, mishaps from engine failure and property damage—the same hazards that naturally arise from auto travel, only they'll occur in the highways of the air instead of on terra firma.

Many insurance companies are already planning policies to cover the prospective airplane owner. And the courts may have to deal with air accidents as often as they do now with suits for automobile negligence.

It is rather surprising that the first aircraft accident that became the subject of a lawsuit happened as long ago as 1821 in New York City.

There were no airplanes then, but there was plenty of experimenting going on with balloons. One of the leaders in these exploits was Charles Guille, a Frenchman.

Unfortunately one of his first ascents was a total fiasco. He made it in the vicinity of Swan's garden, somewhere in lower Manhattan.

No sooner had Guille risen than he got into trouble, and he came down with his body hanging out of the car of the balloon yelling for help.

About 200 people who had watched him go up ran to his aid. The balloon dragged along for about 30 feet over Mr. Swan's carefully planted potatoes and radishes until Guille was rescued unhurt.

The crowd not only wrecked all of Swan's fences, but destroyed every plant and vegetable on the place. The damage was estimated by the irate owner at $90. But Guille fixed his damage at $15, which he was willing to pay forthwith. The rest, he argued, was done by the crowd for which he was not liable.

Swan took the matter to court, where he was awarded $80. Guille appealed. The highest court in the State, then known as the Supreme Court of Judicature, upheld the verdict, in an opinion written by Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer.

The Chief Justice compared a balloon to a wild beast and expressed grave doubts whether any reasonable man ought to have anything to do with it. Just as a man who sets a wild beast loose in a crowd is responsible for whatever damage it inflicts upon people or property, so a man who chooses to toy with a balloon is liable for whatever harm it causes, he said.

With the streamlined airships of the present day no longer "at the sport of the winds," the principle of law in that old case still governs similar situations where a crowd is attracted by an accident and destroys property.

"It's Nothing But a Little Stomach Trouble, Director."

No finer fit at any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES 79¢

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS $2.50 to $5.50

BESTFORM
means best form

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Yes, lamp bulbs marked G-E bring you all the benefits of over 50 years General Electric Research . . . whose creed is always to make lamps *Stay Brighter Longer*

WITH DR. SCHOLL'S ALWAYS HANDY, CORNS NEVER TROUBLE ME!

CORNS GO FAST
PAIN SENT FLYING
Doctor's Relief Acts Instantly

Don't suffer from corns or sore toes! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction, lift painful pressure. These thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads help prevent corns, sore toes, blisters, chafed heels. Separate *Medications* are included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Is your Skin ROUGH CLOGGED BLOTCHY

Soothe and smooth it the simple, time-tested Resinol way. Daily use of Resinol Soap and Ointment helps so many, it should help you. For sample of each—also a handy little Hollywood Stop-Run Mender—send only 10¢ to Resinol XS-2, Balto. 1, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE MODERN WAY

Is gray hair hurting your social or business success? If so, learn how you can color your hair any shade, the exact shade you want, the new growth, yourself, at home while you shampoo it. Thousands of women and men use SHAMPO-KOLOR, the modern method. Their closest friends cannot tell that they color their hair because SHAMPO-KOLOR leaves the hair so natural looking. Can be used also as a TINT for partially gray hair or as a RINSE to refresh overbleached, sun and perm wave faded hair. No experience necessary. MOST ADHERING, does not rub off. Permits Permanent Wave, like shampooing. Caution: Use only as directed on label. 45 years experience is FREE. Write for BOOKLET. Tetlow Products, Inc. Dept. TW-L, 254 W. 31 Street, New York, N. Y.

GREASE for GUNPOWDER

-but not for SHAVING!

Grease is essential for explosives, but it's *non-essential* in shave cream...men *hate* to put it on their faces. That's why so many men are switching from ordinary brushless to Mennen—it's a cream, not a grease.

This is one reason why more dermatologists buy Mennen Brushless than any other brand...more than the next *two* brands combined. These facts were revealed in a nation-wide poll...convincing evidence of the superiority of Mennen Brushless.

When buying shave cream for your own use, follow the lead of America's highest medical authorities on skin care. They give you the secret of *easy shaving.*

IT'S A CREAM - NOT A GREASE

"Don't blame Junior, blame his Lunches!"

KEEP THEM NOURISHING

Saving food? Splendid!... but not at the expense of good nutrition. In fact, you'll save more food by making *better* lunches, *balanced* lunches. That means meat, cheese or eggs for protein; vegetables and fruits for vitamins and minerals, and milk or milk dishes for protein.

Then save food—with Cut-Rite Waxed Paper... by wrapping foods in your refrigerator to keep them fresh longer... by wrapping foods in the lunch box to help prevent drying out and losing flavor. Cut-Rite is sold at your grocer's—in the blue and white carton.

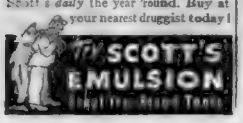
Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc.
Hoboken, New Jersey

CUT-RITE
WAXED PAPER

Help Tots Grow Up Husky!

Give good-tasting tonic many doctors recommend

Valuable Scott's Emulsion helps children promote proper growth, strong bones, sound teeth! Contains *natural* A and D Vitamins—elements all children need. So Mother—give Scott's *daily* the year 'round. Buy at your nearest druggist today!



Those New HATS!

The New Half Moon Disc Hat and Matching Bag of Washable Plastic and Crochet. At the Left, Above, a Cloche With Printed Cotton Band and Gloves to Match. Below, the Pretty Girl in the Little Calot Made Her Hat. She Pins the Flowers On to Match Colors in Her Costume.

BECOMING lines, lovely color, a fresh spring look—that briefly pictures the new hats for you. The comfortable cloche shape, popular 20 years ago, is back again. Men have always liked it and maybe they will put their approval without the usual jibes and jokes on the new version. For a young and pretty face the cloche bonnet hat is one of the most becoming. Seen in recent showings was this one above, with the tall crown, a crisp band and bow on it, designed by John-Frederics, and with gay gloves made of the same fabric as the band.

In the same showing was this new "half moon" hat and bag made of shiny white discs tied together with wool crochet loops. Both are washable. Striped rayons for hats and matching scarf, or with gloves or bag to match the hat, were everywhere in evidence at the spring shows. The little flowered hat with a wisp of crisp veiling is still popular because it is so easy to wear, and so many women like it. Berets of lightweight felt, of cotton, rayon and other fabrics, in sailor-boy types and many other versions of the beret, are going to be seen all through the coming months. Rayon braids and unusual straws in these, too.

Or Make Your Own

The little calot in the bottom picture (**above**) was made by the pretty girl wearing it. It was bought at the five-and-ten (but it could be cut from an old hat) and bound with ribbon

L'Orle
LOR-ODO
The Fragrant Deodorant
In SOLID Form

Apply it with container directly to under arms and avoid fingernail mess!

Retards perspiration. Removes tell-tale odor. Leaves under arms dry, clean, fragrant. If unobtainable locally, send 60¢ to L'Orle, Inc., 6 East 39th St., New York 16, N.Y.

50¢
(Plus Tax)

Special LOR-ODO for MEN too

PERFORMANCE PLUS!
BY ACTUAL TEST ★

One Can of New Improved
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
CLEANS 77 MORE PANS
and does it
SAFELY AND QUICKLY

Cleans with *Dissolving-Erasing* Action

★ By actual test in independent laboratories and in typical homes, Old Dutch cleans 77 more 2-quart aluminum pans per can than any other leading cleanser tested! Because grease is one of the most difficult cleaning problems, Old Dutch Cleanser contains a fast grease dissolver that quickly cuts grease. Then Seismotite erases the loosened dirt—easily—quickly—without scratching. That's why Old Dutch Cleanser cleans so safely—with such lightning speed—and so economically, too.

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Buy the Cleanser Used by More Women Than Any Other!

...if you take *Phillips' Milk of Magnesia* tonight!

Acknowledged by Doctors as an Ideal Laxative-Antacid

Wake up feeling gloriously alive, ready to *go* with a sparkling freshness—even though you may have over-indulged the night before. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia before you retire! Overwork ...indiscretion in eating...smoking...drinking —lead to excess acidity that causes stomach distress—heartburn—gas and restless nights.

Keep Phillips' Milk of Magnesia handy. For this *double freshener* works wonders overnight! It acts in two effective ways while you sleep...

First as a recognized, highly-rated scientific alkalizer, neutralizing acid sourness—sweetening the stomach almost instantly.

Second as a mild and pleasant laxative—so gentle in its action you can take it *any* time.

Phillips' has been recommended by Doctors for over 60 years. Ask for it by its full name—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. And here's a friendly tip when taking Phillips'. Caution, use only as directed. You'll sing out "Oh! What A Beautiful Morning"—and *mean it, tomorrow.*

ECONOMY NOTE: *Get the large-size bottle of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia for added convenience! Costing only 50¢, it gives you 50% more in a full 12-ounce bottle! In tablet form, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia costs only 25¢ a box or less than a penny a tablet.*

PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA...*Liquid or Tablets*

Give your child extra iron in this New Drink!

Just add one tablespoon Brer Rabbit Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk for delicious, iron-rich Brer Rabbit Milk Shake.

Brer Rabbit Milk Shake makes children love milk

Even children who dislike plain milk really enjoy it when Brer Rabbit Molasses is added. And Brer Rabbit Milk Shake is a mighty good way to give them extra iron!

Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use.

Three glasses of Brer Rabbit Milk Shake (1 tablespoon Brer Rabbit Molasses per glass) will supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirement.

2 FLAVORS:

GOLD LABEL—highest quality, light molasses. Delicious on pancakes, waffles, bread, cereals, and for a delicately flavored milk shake.

GREEN LABEL—dark and full-flavored. Recommended for cooking and a zestily flavored milk shake.

FREE Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La. Dept. W402-4

Send me—free—Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 115 fine molasses recipes. Also pamphlet on children's iron needs.

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DON'T SAY GAUZE SAY—

GAUZTEX

SENSATIONAL NEW BANDAGE

Ever *yanked* bandages off sore fingers . . . *pulled* hairs trying to get stubborn, sticky tapes loose? Then you'll be delighted with Gauztex, the surgical bandage that sticks ONLY to itself. Made of specially processed gauze . . . soft, dry, porous. Gauztex won't come off in oil, gasoline, naptha, or water. Keeps dirt out, lets healing air IN. Does not stick to skin or hair—comes off instantly without pulling. Various widths, lengths ALSO ready-made BAND-ME-QUICK fingertips. At drug counters—10c up. Get Gauztex. General Bandages, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX Sticks to itself — NEVER TO YOU

YOU TOO CAN HAVE MORE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Thousands use this easy, economical way to richer-looking, more lustrous hair. First massage scalp with mildly medicated Cuticura Ointment to stimulate circulation and loosen dandruff. Later shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Try it! Send today for FREE Ointment Sample to Cuticura, Dept. A-33, Malden, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD ALMANACK

Tell The World at an Announcement Breakfast

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Author of
"Cook It in a Casserole"

DON'T let rationing stop you from announcing that forthcoming wedding with a good party. The smartest wartime festivity for this is a good breakfast either served early enough for everybody to get to their jobs on time, or planned for a Sunday. In either case it must be a real meal, the good breakfast nutritionists so strongly approve, featuring hearty dishes, vitamin-rich cereal and other no-point foods.

Make it pretty, too. Use a length of dimity or organdy over pink sateen for the cloth. Spring flowers for the centerpiece. Place cards may be amusing little brides, or angels, or a flower card (all at the five-and-ten and the department stores).

Here's a menu for such a party:

Whole Grain Nourishment Cereals and Strawberries
Light Cream or Top Milk
Sugar or Honey
Baked Chicken Hash in Ramekins, with Egg
Butterfly Buns or Toasted Rolls
Butter or Fortified Margarine
Orange Marmalade
Coffee

Or serve this Vermont Breakfast Special:

Cook cereal according to the directions on the package. Spoon the hot cereal into individual cereal bowls, alternating each spoonful with shaved maple sugar and chopped nut meats. Serve hot with top milk.

A crisp crust on an omelet adds to its appetite appeal. Here is a crusty one:

A New Omelet

1 cup crisp rice cereal
1 tablespoon bacon fat
5 eggs, separated
¼ cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Mix the cereal with the bacon fat. Heat it in a skillet until crisp and brown. Spread this evenly over the bottom of the skillet. Beat the egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Add the milk and seasonings. Beat the whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into the yolks. Turn the egg mixture into the hot skillet on top of the rice cereal. Cook this over low heat until lightly browned on the bottom. This should be about five minutes.

Loosen the edges from time to time with a broad, flat knife, or a spatula. Then set the skillet in a hot oven (350 degrees F.) about ten minutes, or until the omelet is brown on top. Loosen it on the bottom, fold over one-half on top of the other half, and lift it quickly with the pancake turner or the broad knife to a hot serving plate. Serve at once. This serves six.

If you have leftover cooked ham, bacon or chicken, chop it fine and add one-half cup to the omelet just before folding in the stiff egg whites. Or add finely chopped cooked shrimp; or some parsley.

Rice Waffles

½ cup cold cooked rice
2 eggs, beaten separately
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons melted fat
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups milk

Add the beaten egg yolks to the rice. Mix well; add the sugar, salt and melted fat and mix. Sift the flour and sift again with the baking powder. Add this to the rice mixture alternately with the milk. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold them lightly into the batter. Pour a little of this batter into each section of the hot waffle iron. Close the iron. Bake two minutes, turn it and bake another two minutes. Four to five minutes of baking for each waffle is usually enough. Grease the iron if it is not of aluminum. This recipe makes six full-iron waffles.

Serve with creamed fish, chicken, crushed or stewed fruit, molasses, corn syrup, honey or maple syrup, and with butter or fortified margarine.

Cornmeal pancakes are delicious with hot applesauce and butter. Try them:

Cornmeal Pancakes

1 cup yellow cornmeal
1 cup sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
2½ cups milk
¼ cup shortening, melted

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Combine well-beaten egg with milk and stir in the dry ingredients. Stir in the shortening. Add more milk if necessary to make a thin batter. Bake on a hot griddle (ungreased if it is of aluminum). Brown well on one side, turn each cake and brown on the other side. This makes about eighteen medium sized cakes. Serve with corn syrup or honey and butter or fortified margarine, or serve with brown sugar or maple sugar and butter or margarine, or serve with orange marmalade and butter.

BAKED CHICKEN HASH IN RAMEKINS

2 cups minced cooked chicken
2 tablespoons margarine, or butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon minced green pepper
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
1 cup milk, or top milk
4 eggs

Melt the fat, add the onion and green pepper, and cook over medium heat five minutes. Stir in the flour, salt and pepper and when well blended, slowly add the milk, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and boils. Stir in the chicken and heat it. Turn the mixture into individual greased baking dishes. Break one egg at a time, and slip it onto the top of the hash in each dish. Set these in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) till the eggs are poached. Serve in the baking dish, one to each person. This recipe serves four.

BUILD HEALTH, PEP WITH GOOD BREAKFASTS

AMERICANS need to eat better breakfasts, the country's best nutritionists tell us. That morning hollow feeling about 11 o'clock, lowered efficiency, tiredness all day, and a good many other bad effects come from the hasty, too small breakfast. Grownups and children need in every breakfast some kind of cereal, whole-grain if possible; bread, whole-grain or enriched; milk served on the cereal, or as a beverage; butter or margarine fortified with Vitamin A; and for adults coffee or tea or any desired hot beverage.

If possible add eggs, or breakfast meats, pancakes, preserves or other foods. Plan breakfasts as you plan other meals; vary the menu; increase or omit dishes according to the other meals of the day.

"It makes quick work of dirt!"

It doesn't take a lot of hard work and hard scrubbing to clean with Bon Ami! In fact, it's a pleasure to see the *quick* way Bon Ami makes porcelain shine. For Bon Ami is free from scratchy grit and strong alkalis. That's important—because it means that Bon Ami helps keep things smooth and shining. Makes even the hard cleaning jobs easier!

Bon Ami
polishes as it cleans

Let Them Have Sweets

OF COURSE children need sweets in their daily food allotment. So do you. Energy, vim, pep, vitality come with sugar which is necessary in every day's menus. Put some of it in the morning cereal, some of it in the wholesome desserts slated for the other meals of the day. Let the children prepare this part of the menu. Here is an easy dessert for boys of any age.

Frosted Brownie

- ⅔ cup sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup light corn syrup or same amount of honey
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ½ cup broken walnut kernels
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift the flour once, measure it, add the double-acting baking powder and salt and sift again. Melt the shortening and chocolate over boiling water. Add sugar gradually to the eggs, beating thoroughly; then add the chocolate mixture and blend. Add the flour mixture and stir well. Then add the nuts and vanilla.

Bake this in a greased pan (which measures about 8x8x2 ins.) in a moderate oven (350°) forty minutes. Remove it from the pan and let it cool on a cake rack. Then spread it with any favorite frosting or leave it plain. Cut it in squares to serve. It makes two dozen brownies.

•

A modern menu-ette: corn pudding with bacon, green beans, parsleyed potatoes and a crisp salad. Prune whip for dessert.

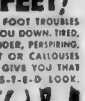
For a zesty sandwich filling: Mix 4 tsp. French's Mustard, 2 tbsp. salad dressing, dash French's Worcestershire sauce with ¼ cup peanut butter, ¼ cup ground cooked ham. Men go for this!

Get SOILAX at Hardware, Paint, Variety and Department Stores
Economics Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

"O-O-O-O MY FEET!"

WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN. TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.

QUICK RELIEF!



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★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

For New Glamor
–the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder **in the World**

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness... stays on for hours ...never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, dept., and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for *new* glamor... *today!*

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR): NATURAL, LIGHT RACHEL
GROUP 2 (MEDIUM): DARK RACHEL, ROSE GLOW, DARK ROSE GLOW, GOLDEN RACHEL
GROUP 3 (DARK): BRUNETTE, LIGHT NUT BROWN, NUT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the *darker* shades for *daytime*, the *lighter* for *evening*.

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COLOR-KEYED
Face Powder

New! Popular! Practical!

Pattern 3679... Bemuffled pinafore. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch fabric.
Pattern 3582... Button-front cotton frock. Sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.
Pattern 3002...Curly-top doll with wardrobe.
EACH PATTERN, together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT. 6th Sixth Ave., New York 11, New York. Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Read The American Weekly

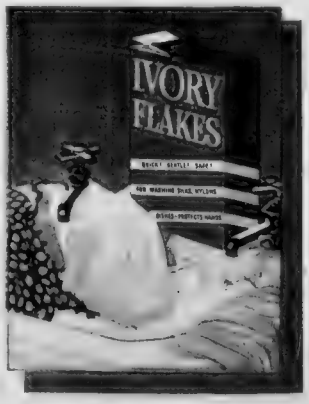
"My trousseau still rates pretty compliments—I'm wise to

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"GOSH I'M LUCKY," beams Mrs. Edward McMahon, Manhattan War Bride. "At this point my Army husband is stationed nearby! What a break! He actually gets home every night in the week! Our little apartment's so gay and cosy now that I've finished the slipcovers. Made them myself because nice things are hard to find these days. That goes double for clothes. Glad I've heard about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap. Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes," urges Mrs. McMahon. Dozens of wash tests on housecoats, undies, girdles, sweaters prove hard-to-replace washables give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. So give all precious sudsables the same gentle treatment—your curtains, nighties, stockings, bedspreads.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO! I'll wager you're wasting soap without realizing it," suggests Mrs. McMahon. *"Soaps use vital war materials,* so go easy on 'em. Be sure you *measure Ivory Flakes* in a cup or glass and add carefully *to lukewarm water.* Then swish. You'll get a *mountain* of frothy suds from even a small amount of Ivory Flakes (the flake form of baby's mild Ivory)."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Make Ironing Day Easy

Adjust the Board to the Right Height for You.

By JANE TEN BROECK

DO YOU hate to do the family ironing because by the end of ironing day your back aches, your head spins and you don't care whether Pop ever has clean shirts again?

Some of that fatigue may be your own fault. Maybe you haven't chucked up on such simple things as the height of your ironing board. Maybe you haven't padded a chair, or the kitchen stool, to the right height so you can sit down for the whole ironing job. This spring's wardrobe of cotton play clothes for the children, your own house clothes and those frilly white touches you have added to last year's suit, plus the piles of work clothes Pop and Sis wear to jobs in the airplane factory all add up to a big weekly washing and a heavy ironing day. It's a tiring day, too, unless you get busy right now and take all the aches out of it.

Check your ironing equipment first. Make sure the iron is as perfect as you can get now under wartime restrictions on electrical devices. It should have a heat control, a good handle and not be too large and heavy. If your iron is an old one, have it looked over by the fixit man at the nearest electrical shop. Don't use a frayed cord; mend it or have it mended, and have a switch on the plug if possible.

A wobbly ironing board adds to your troubles. Find out why it shakes and fix it. And it is important that the board is an easy height for you. Sitting in front of it you ought to be able to iron without bending or humping over the board. Pad the top and cover it with a clean, well-fitting cloth; old sheets make fine covers. Wash the cover frequently.

Place the clothes basket filled with dampened clothes on a stool or table within easy reach of you at work at the ironing board. A drying rack is a great help and should also stand within easy reach so that pieces of all kinds may be laid across it as soon as they are ironed. A sleeve board makes ironing of blouses and men's shirts easier. Put it on the list of things to ease ironing day.

Maybe you've been ironing in a too-hot corner. Try putting the board and your chair or stool in front of a window. Tie back the curtain while you iron so that every possible bit of light comes in on the board. If you have to iron by lamplight, make sure a large-watt bulb lights the board and have it shaded so that the light shines on the ironing, but not into your eyes.

Sprinkle clothes before folding them, to make the ironing go more swiftly and smoothly. Use a clean brush, whiskbroom, or a shaker-top bottle, or a rubber spray. And keep a bowl of warm water and a little sponge near by when ironing to take care of any spots which dry too fast.

Sprinkle heavily starched clothes slightly more than those with only a little starch in them. Fold and roll all dampened garments into smooth tight bundles, place them in a basket, cover it with a cloth and let it stand several hours to distribute the moisture. Using a specially prepared wax-like product in the starch lets you iron clothes before they are completely dry and insures your iron against dragging and sticking.

Those pretty pieces of lingerie, silk or rayon blouses, and accessories are rolled in a Turkish towel as soon as they are washed and rinsed. Then they are unrolled at once and pressed with a warm, not hot, iron, while they are slightly damp.

DOES YOUR MAKE-UP SAY "YOUNG"
YOUR HAIR TATTLE "GROWING OLD"?
THEN IT'S HIGH TIME TO
TINT YOUR HAIR!

If your hair is drab or gray, let your beauty operator give it young-looking color. It's so easy with Eternol! A froth of bubbles, dewy-fresh rinses and—behold!—every hint of gray is gone. Your hair's aglow with warm glints, and so silken-soft, you'll marvel. How much younger it looks, and how natural, thanks to Eternol!

YOUR MAKE-UP BEGINS WITH YOUR HAIR

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TINT OIL SHAMPOO
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Set out all ingredients well ahead to get to room temperature. (Shortening should be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour two 8 or 9-inch round layer cake pans. Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

Sift together into bowl:
- 2½ cups *sifted* Softasilk (the flour guaranteed to work in this recipe)
- * 3 or 3¼ or 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Add . . .
- 1¾ cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
- ½ cup high grade vegetable shortening (part butter adds flavor)
- 1 cup skimmed milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium* speed (or beat with spoon) for 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl *frequently*.

Add . . . 2 large eggs, unbeaten

Continue mixing 2 more min. (scraping bowl frequently). Pour into prepared pans. Bake in *mod.* oven (350°) *35 to 40 min.* for 8-in. layers, or *25 to 30 min.* for 9-in. layers.

* 3 tsp. double-action type ("Clabber Girl," "Davis," "Calumet," "K C," etc.), or 3¼ tsp. phosphate type ("Rumford," "Dr. Price's," etc.) or 4 tsp. tartrate type ("Royal," etc.).

NOTE: You may rest a moment if you mix by hand. Just count actual mixing time.

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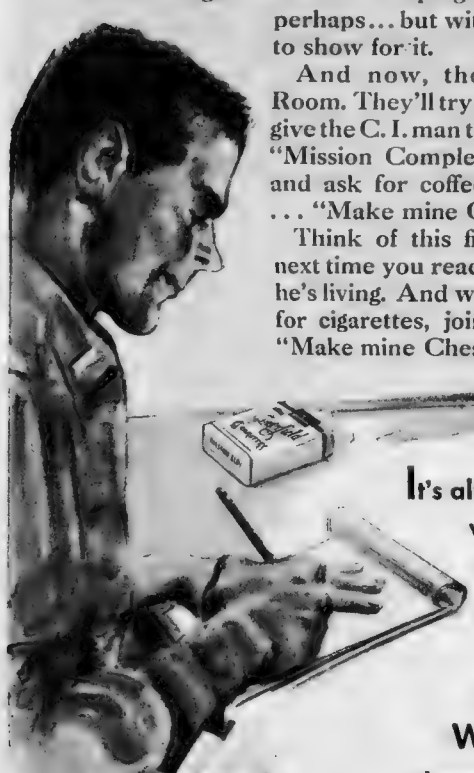
And now, the Interrogation Room. They'll try to put it in words, give the C. I. man the facts he needs. "Mission Completed," they'll say, and ask for coffee and a cigarette ... "Make mine Chesterfield."

Think of this fighting Yank the next time you read those headlines he's living. And whenever you ask for cigarettes, join him in saying "Make mine Chesterfield."



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Medford

Two members of the AEF stroll with Australian girls along the banks of Melbourne's Yarra river. The Princess bridge makes a picturesque background.

By Lieut. (jg) Casper T. Dorfman, USNR

Former Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Writer

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA.
(Passed by Censor)

YOU head toward the west in this global war and you walk up sloping runways which are gangplanks, and then you turn left on the sea and you walk down some more planks after long days on the tossing ocean. And you're barely back on land again when somebody taps you on the shoulder, and you turn, and the tapper says:

"Hi! I remember you in Boston. You know Bucky Flynn? He's a particular friend of mine!"

Nostalgia becomes then another bit of plague to add to that which has been bothering you all through the long journey out here to fight a small part of the battle against the Japs and the Axis and the forces of evil.

Because Flynn is the night city editor of the paper where you said "good-by," and when a chap from Reno, Nev., says two soldiers from Chelsea have been looking for you and waiting for you, and have left their names, the realization comes stronger that you're a long, long way, brother, from home.

I mean in distance, though not in associations. On the day that I write this, I had decided to give up any thought of obtaining films for snapping pictures of boys from back home—and then I ran into Bill Kadison, former Los Angeles newspaperman, who now is connected with the American Red Cross and public relations.

THROUGHOUT the day I had been on a vain chase for camera film and I told him about the fruitless pursuit. He grinned and said:

"You're in luck. Today is Massachusetts day at the Red Cross center. We're having a photograph made of Massachusetts servicemen to be sent to the newspapers back home."

I went to the center at his invitation. The cameraman was already there, setting up his paraphernalia in a large game room, arranging the soldiers and one sailor—15 of them in all—according to height.

Seated with the boys were two Red Cross women workers, Sally Howe of Pleasant st., North Amherst, whose late father was on the teaching staff at Massachusetts State College, and Minna Lindsay of Southboro.

They were waiting for a third girl, Anita Hebert of Colony rd., Longmeadow, and when she dashed in, hot, tired and perspiring, her shoes caked with mud, she apologized for being late and explained that she had been out in the hot sun, distributing doughnuts and soda pop to wounded soldiers being disembarked from a hospital ship.

IN THE picture were the following men:

Staff Sergt. Wesley Salo, 21, tail gunner in a bomber crew, of Central st., Ashburnham; Corp. Larry Barrett, 21, bomber radio operator, of South st., Medford; Joseph Miga, chief machinist's mate, Merchant Marine, of Powers ave., Taunton; Pvt. Napoleon Pero, Arthur st., Salem; Pvt. Spero Kontorosis, Osborne st., Salem; Pvt. Chester Mals, Emerald pl., Easthampton; Corp. Edward A. Becker, Jr., Mt. Vernon st., Dedham; Pvt. Douglas Reed, Wachusett st., Fitchburg; Machinist's Mate 1/c Richard E. Woodbury of Parker st., Newton; Corp. Robert Hay of Burrill st., Swampscott; *(Continued on Page 11)*

PVT. NAPOLEON PERO
Salem

Red Cross worker Sally Howe of Pleasant st., North Amherst and PFC. James F. McNabb, 35 Nikisch ave., Roslindale, swap news from home in Australia.

PVT. CHESTER MALS
Easthampton

PFC. DOUGLAS REED
Fitchburg

SERGT. ARTHUR PRESENT

2 Ginny Simms Knows What She Wants of Life and Love

By GEORGE LEWIS

AT HOLLYWOOD'S famed Clover Club you'll often see Ginny Simms dancing with the screen's handsome young men. Robert Lowery. And a blithe and bonny couple they make. But you'd be miles off beam if you detect a romance of such as suspect one.

Ginny's real heart is in the mid-Atlantic, the mid-Pacific or wherever else Uncle Sam's Navy sends socialite Pat Nearney. To every is just a good friend and pleasant companion even if he has looks enough to match Sinatra's voice. Yes, indeed, Nearney is the man the lovely songstar intends to marry.

All this sounds contradictory, if not downright confusing. But that's because you don't know the little Simms girl who hasn't a single contrary bone in her curvaceous body. She's strictly on the level. But she does know what she wants and she has the courage to go after it. That's the trait which sets her apart and makes her an unusual person in most heavily a personality-laden town as Hollywood.

A few years ago when Ginny was added to Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge" band and launched on independent career in radio and pictures, everybody said she was making a terrible mistake. She'd be just another "Lucy Lord" the pessimists opined.

But Ginny wasn't to be deterred by celestial utterances or old wives' tales. She went confidently ahead with her plans and success, as we say, was a success from the start.

[illegible]

WHEN [illegible] was suggested for the [illegible] Ginny seemed to [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

War Hero Role Helps 'The Kid' Find Himself

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

THE Kid has come into his own.

Jackie "The Kid" Coogan, child star of the silent films who touched the heart of the world yet had no childhood of his own, the boy who lost out in love and marriage, fame and millions, is at last on the high, clear path of his true destiny.

At last he has found the way to an ultimate glory which neither wealth nor fame, if he retained them, would have brought; the glory of unselfish service to his country as a flight officer in the air-borne, heroic troops of the Army.

And already young Jackie Coogan has won recognition, through no effort or self-publicizing of his own, as the first glider pilot to land, in the face of vicious Jap counterattack, at the Burma-India line of battle in the first Allied air-borne operation of the Asiatic war.

Already a seasoned pilot, Coogan, with a transport of Indian troops as passengers, glided to the hostile earth, and without a casualty, although other gliders crashed and other passengers fought their way to their death, surrounded by the enemy.

This is official; from the Army, not from Hollywood. It is official, too, that Jackie Coogan and his fellow-gliders accomplished their objective in Burma "with heroic toil."

HERE is an accolade for the boy who lost a fortune and a career; two blonde wives, including No. 1 Pin Up Girl Betty Grable and Flower Parry, the mother of his child and who almost lost Jackie in life and in himself—but not quite. He was not one to call quits.

And so Jackie Coogan, the lad who seemed to have lost everything, has found himself, and in a big way.

No child of the screen, not even Shirley Temple, had won in the early days the affection and adoration of the world in such degree as the little ragamuffin with the slouched cap, the sensitive, pathetic face, the deep-set, hurt eyes of babyhood.

No child had amassed, on paper, such a vast fortune, nor had before him such shining unlimited possibilities as Jackie Coogan. But the fortune, indeed, turned out to be a scrap of paper, and there came a time when Jackie, still an adolescent, discovered, when all too young, that Hollywood gold was dross indeed.

His fortune had melted in a series of sordid lawsuits with his own family; the $4,000,000 which he was supposed to receive upon his majority was the basis of an action he was forced to bring against his own mother and his stepfather.

Flower Parry (above) divorced Jackie in 1943.

Promotion to lieutenant followed Jackie Coogan's feat of landing first glider troops behind Jap lines in Burma in an Allied attack.

Betty Grable became "The Kid's" bride just as the battle for his millions got under way. They were divorced in 1939. Betty is now married to band leader, Harry James. Jackie has gone on to honors as a war hero.

THINGS might have been different if his own father had lived, but his father had been tragically killed in an automobile accident and his mother had remarried. His new stepfather, Arthur Bernstein, had sided with his mother, and Jackie was forced to hear her ultimatum.

"You haven't got a cent. There never has been one cent belonging to you. It's all mine and Arthur's, and so far as we are concerned you will never get a penny."

The court on a legal technicality, upheld Mrs. Coogan, although the case shocked Hollywood and resulted in enactment of new laws to protect child actors and their earnings—even from their parents. But that was too late for Jackie.

It was too late, and all the more bitter for him, because he had just been married to the blonde Betty Grable, then struggling along in vaudeville, and now No. 1 pin up girl and wife of the band leader, Harry James.

Betty was then booked, when she could get bookings, as "The Blonde Venus," and she met Jackie on an excursion boat. There were reports at that time that Jackie was engaged to the equally blonde Toby Wing, but nothing serious came of it.

HIS love for Betty Grable, however, was serious enough for him to lead her to the altar in St. Brendan's Church in Hollywood. And whether or not Betty hoped, at that time, that Jackie would soon come into his millions, she was insistent that it was a love match.

"If Jackie never gets a penny of his own money," said Betty, "I will still love him. If he is poor, it will give me a chance to prove my love."

Betty soon had the chance. The California courts decreed—although with reluctance—that Jackie, who had made millions since babyhood, was legally a penniless young man. The presiding justice took pains to announce he was bound by the State Law in his decision, but he called upon the Legislature to enact new laws for protection of other minors against greed and exploitation.

Here was Betty Grables' opportunity to prove her enduring love for the boy who had earned and lost his millions. For a time they went on a vaudeville tour together. They made $500 a week and were not exactly starving, but when Betty received a far more lucrative offer in the films—minus Jackie—she decided that the call of a career was more urgent than a vanished fortune and the prospect of poverty.

BETTY obtained a divorce in October, 1939, when her million-dollar legs were climbing several rungs up the ladder of Hollywood success. Jackie Coogan was getting nowhere, professionally speaking, but he had ideas and ideals and high hopes.

From the time he was 14, he had nursed ambitions to be a flier. He had even announced, to the dismay of his agents and his parents, that he preferred aviation to pictures.

"It can't be so very dangerous," he said solemnly, "because when a bird falls he doesn't get hurt very much."

Jackie studied, trained, took flying lessons, and prepared for the darkening war. And in 1940, months before Pearl Harbor, he enlisted as a private and was assigned to the quartermaster corps at Stockton, Cal.

He found, in Army life, a security and peace which he had never known. But that peace was soon to be disrupted. He met and married a blonde and demure Hollywood show girl he had first seen while on furlough in the town of his early triumphs. Her name was Flower Parry, and their spectacular elopement, while Jackie was somewhat AWOL, was followed upon his return to camp, by a long stint of potato-peeling. The marriage took place at Gardenville, Nev., and Jackie spent a long K. P. [illegible].

"BUT it was worth it," the soldier bridegroom declared at the time. It was worthless, however, when the couple separated less than a year after their marriage, and a month to a day from the birth of their son, John Anthony Coogan.

"I realize," Jackie then declared, "that this is a terrible thing. But we had known each other only five months when we were married, and had known for some time that it was a mistake.

"We thought we would stick it out on account of the baby. It didn't work, however, and I think it's better to make the break now. I expect, of course, to take care of the baby always."

Flower Parry Coogan obtained a divorce from Jackie in Los Angeles in June, 1943. She charged army life meant more to him than home life, and that he moved into a "glorified men's club" shortly after their marriage.

A few months later Jackie enlisted as a glider cadet and was graduated as a flight officer in the Army Air Forces gliding school a year ago last January.

There was little word of "The Kid" until the news of his triumphant exploit in Burma. And that, perhaps, is what he would wish.

All too early, he experienced fame and wealth and the perils of being a celebrity. Only too soon in his young life, he knew disillusion and heartbreak.

Having lost all that most people most desire, he has gained beyond his brightest dreams. Now he is in his stride. Now he is on his way.

The Kid has grown up now, and has entered into his real heritage.

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW APRIL 2, 1944

Justice Triumphed in Famous Case of Bluebeard Landru

By PETER LEVINS

REPORTS from Paris, via the Vichy radio by way of London, tell of a new French Bluebeard a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde who lived respectably by day and at night performed deeds of fiendish violence in a sinister villa on the Rue Lesueur.

The full details we will probably get soon after the war ends suffice it to say at the moment that the story recalls one of the most celebrated of French cases and one of the most unusual murderers that ever lived.

As the reader may have noticed murderers are usually a great disappointment in that their crimes are liable to be more interesting than their characters. It is when an extraordinary story is complemented by an extraordinary personality that we attain something criminally historic, just as theatrical history is made when a great play finds a master performer. Many criminals try to put on a memorable act, once the footlights of publicity are turned on, but very few do well.

Here is one who had the art. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you that incomparable actor, that genius of 283 infidelities, Henri Desire Landru!

BORN in Paris in 1869, son of a stoker at the Forges de Vulcain, Landru developed into a timid, studious lad who shrank from association with other boys. Because of his sweet voice, he became a choir boy at St. Leu-la-Ville, and subsequently served as an altar boy and sub-deacon.

Intending to become a mechanical engineer, he passed his college entrance examinations when he was 16, but before he had qualified he was conscripted and spent the next four years in the Army. Later he married, and if he still retained ambitions to become an engineer he had to abandon them in favor of earning an immediate livelihood. Followed then colorless years of work as a bookkeeper and general clerk.

Eventually he wearied of this law-abiding life. He discovered that he possessed a personality, particularly with relation to women, that could be very profitably exploited. He began to swindle his conquests.

First convicted in 1900, he got two years. In 1904, he got another two years. In 1906, 13 months. In 1909, he was twice convicted and twice given sentences of three years. Finally, in July, 1914, as Europe was careening toward a cataclysmic war, he was sentenced, by default, to four years imprisonment and life-long exile in New Caledonia, in the South Pacific.

Reviewing the circumstances of his convictions, he must have reached certain conclusions, chief of which was the fact that he might have escaped conviction, even detection, had his victims very quickly ceased to exist.

THEREFORE he evolved a system of plunder which worked extremely well, partly because of his persuasive, possibly hypnotic, personality, and partly because of conditions resulting from the stresses and strains, and bereavements, of war.

What he did was to make wholesale love-making a business. He found prospects via matrimonial advertisements and advertised offers to purchase furniture. Usually he proposed at the second or third meeting—the women were almost invariably middle-aged and widowed—and from then on the process unrolled to its fruition with the inevitability of an assembly line.

He became, in effect, a peddler, a dealer in old clothes, household effects, and such knick-knacks and trinkets as a lonely widow of moderate means might acquire and ultimately bequeath to her next of kin or dearest friends.

SO far as was established, the first victims of his new policy were the Widow Cuchet, a former domestic servant with several thousand francs savings, and her son, Andre, 16. On Aug. 14, 1914, while the armies of Europe were scrambling into action, Landru sold a tobacco pipe belonging to the son; and subsequently the rest of the Cuchet effects were liquidated.

Next he wooed and won the Widow Gullin, who was 50 and possessed a fortune estimated at 40,000 francs. With her out of the way, he was able to stock a villa he had rented at Vernouillet with many of the luxuries he had craved in the old humdrum days. Two more widows came and went within the next few months.

In time the headquarters of his operations became a comfortable villa which he purchased at Gambais, a few miles outside of Paris. (He maintained a separate establishment for his wife and son.) To this place Landru brought:

The Widow Colomb. She was the "woman in the blue dressing gown" whom neighbors later testified they had seen among the flowers of monsieur's walled garden.

The Widow Jaume, who was stout, sentimental and 45. He wooed her with flowers and sad letters, and the 1 needs satisfied his labors.

MARIE THERESE MARCHADIER, 37, known in various garrison towns as La Belle Mythese. She became acquainted with the little "engineer" while she was negotiating the sale of a small hotel in the Rue St. Jacques. Marie was a wise woman, but not wise enough for Landru.

The Widows Buisson and Benoist, Mme. Labordie-Line from Buenos Aires and Mlle. Andree Bardelay, a servant girl of 19 who worked for a pianist in the St. Lazaire quarter. Why Andree went the way of the others never became known, since she had no material wealth worth killing her for; possibly she knew too much.

It went on all during the war, and for a while after the war. He killed and plundered, plundered and killed, and never once got into trouble. One explanation for this was that almost all the victims either had no surviving interested relatives, or their nearest relatives were at the front. At any rate, Landru carried on unsuspected for almost five years.

EARLY in 1919, posing as Lucien Guillet, he was courting, possibly just for fun, possibly not, a tall, coquettish young woman named Fernande Segret. Not long after they first met, he was the guest of honor at a party in Fernande's home. She wrote:

"Lucien was dazzling in his

Bluebeard Landru (above) murdered at least 11 women. His prettiest victim was the widow, Mme. Benoist (left).

Mme. Buisson (above) murdered in a villa at Gambais, near Paris.

'go' and comicalities. Without ever forgetting that he was in the presence of ladies, he poured out jokes, witty retorts, and even juggled the napkin rings in a clever way, all the time garnishing his talk with the most wonderful puns.

"At dessert, as we were on the subject of music halls, he recalled the triumphs of stars of the past, whom he had known, and sang for us some airs of a once famous song. 'Le Fil a l'Hotel de Ville.' So he succeeded the liking of all and no one had eyes all the evening for anyone but Monsieur Lucien."

That he bewitched her completely can be taken for granted, for when he proposed marriage she did not hesitate to accept.

However, he explained, that the lack of certain identification papers prevented him, for the moment from marrying as much as he craved, and he could to have Fernande at his side on life's rugged journey. The next step was almost automatic: with the tacit permission of her mother, the young woman went to live with this dazzling juggler of jokes and witty sayings in the flat on the Rue Rochechouart.

But as Lucien himself might have remarked, all good things must end.

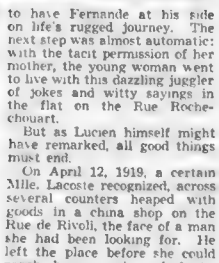
On April 12, 1919, a certain Mlle. Lacoste recognized, across several counters heaped with goods in a china shop on the Rue de Rivoli, the face of a man she had been looking for. He left the place before she could reach him, so she asked the cashier for his name.

She learned that he was Lucien Giullet, an engineer of 76 Rue de Rochechouart, who had bought a tea service for his wife.

MLLE LACOSTE hastened to the police. She told them she had found the address of Fremyet, the engineer, who had abducted, seduced, spirited away and, in her belief, murdered her sister, Annette Pascal. Furthermore, she believed that he was also the man Dupont who had committed the same offenses in the case of Mme. Colomb.

Next morning officers arrested the suspect, who readily admitted he was the long-sought Henri Desire Landru.

But for the moment the police had no means of realizing that they had made one of the greatest catches in Parisian criminal history. Certainly, they had no



evidence of murder. The suspicions of Mlle. Lacoste meant nothing unless they could be supported. It appeared, indeed, that Landru had left no tracks in the long path he had trod since August, 1914.

Then, in his pockets, detectives made a routine search of his effects. They found among his papers a small notebook covered with black waxed cloth. It was found in many colonies pale but dark and was interspersed with a close writing in pencil, most of the small accounts of a methodical man, typical in bookkeeping. Near the beginning was the following, written across the page:

"A. Cuchet, G. Cuchet Fils, L. Crzatier, Havre, C. T. Fisson, A. Colomb, Andre Bardeley, M. Louis Jaume, A. Pascal, M. Thr. Marchadier."

AT first, this notation meant nothing to the police. Then the names began to make sense. From them, and from lists of expenses he had inscribed in the book, detectives were able, eventually, to trace 11 persons who had disappeared after a brief acquaintanceship with Landru.

Landru never admitted anything. "Prove it!" he would say.

Finally the trial arrived, in October, 1921, and it was unforgettable. It was held in Versailles, having been shifted from the capital for fear that the artistically minded Parisians might decide that Landru should not be punished for having produced what many regarded as a work of genius.

Courtroom seats were, of course, held at a premium; only the most influential persons could get inside. And all eyes remained fixed upon the shinypated defendant, whose quick wit and inflexible assurance never deserted him. He faced his accusers, and his public, with a bright eye, a rasping tongue, and the sort of rebelliousness which marks the true Parisian.

But by bit the case took form. Numerous witnesses told of the romances, and all sorts of small but significant details went into the record to damn the defendant. Here are instances:

Some of Mme. Cuchet's furniture turned up in the apartment of Landru's wife. Mme. Landru and her son's sweetheart were wearing Mme. Cuchet's jewelry when Landru was arrested.

Mme. Gullin's blonde hair and

Continued on Page 15

Yacht Parties Hurl Mickey's Love on Rocks

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

THE long and complex divorce record of the famous Dodge family, noted for trouble involving marriage and millions, has been definitely shattered by a former Boston girl.

She is Martha "Mickey" Devine Dodge, ex-showgirl of South Boston and Dorchester, and she has hung up her new record in her suit for divorce, in New York, against her husband, Maj. Horace E. Dodge, heir to an important share of the $100,000,000 Dodge motor fortune.

Mickey has named not only one but seven women in her divorce suit, and has indicated there may be many more.

"They may well run into hundreds," she says.

And as the price of bringing her divorce suit—and this includes neither alimony or settlement she asks $90,000 in quick cash—$75,000 for counsel fees and $15,000 for incidental expenses.

SHE brands her husband as a "Commando Casanova," and charges his long-range extramarital affairs took place in various de luxe settings, including a castle in England, swank New York hotel suites and apartments, and even on her own yacht, "Vanities," a $500,000 keepsake which her husband presented to her as one of his wedding gifts.

Mickey, who once sang in the choir of a South Boston church, and who later became one of Earl Carroll's most lissome blonde "Vanities" girls, eloped with Dodge in May, 1940, and spent a belated honeymoon aboard the yacht "Vanities." So perhaps it is understandable that in her divorce complaint she concentrates with some bitterness on the women who, she claims, were later entertained aboard the "Vanities" by her no-longer-loving husband.

In Mickey's divorce complaint filed in Supreme Court in Manhattan with accompanying affidavits, she lists the names of her alleged rivals with the name of Sylvia Hofstadter of West End ave., New York.

AND she charges that Sylvia was not only her successor aboard the "Vanities" in the affections of her husband, but a veritable love pirate as well, and that her seagoing rival obtained, for good measure, a $14,000 diamond ring, a $6600 emerald ring and an aquamarine ring costing $1400.

And as added humiliation, Mickey says, she was formally piped aboard her husband's yacht while Sylvia at the same time was most informally sculled ashore from another section of the ship—and under the cover of darkness.

The particular affidavit concerning the arrival aboard of Mickey, and the sudden outward bound voyage of Sylvia Hofstadter, has been filed by the skipper of the Vanities, Capt. Michael Shannon. He deposes that Sylvia, whom he had seen on the yacht before, came aboard and met Dodge in the bar of the yacht.

HE continued:

"After they had a few drinks, Mr. Dodge came to me and said: 'Mike, you keep a watch; I want nobody on the boat.' I took my station on deck, on watch, waiting for the possible appearance of Mrs. Dodge or Mr. Dodge's mother, Mrs. Hugh Dillman.

"About 6:30 p. m. I spotted Mrs. Dodge. She was on the dock and walking toward the gangway that led down to where the launch was moored.

"I immediately ran down the deck to the master's stateroom to tell Mr. Dodge. The glass door to the master's stateroom had no lock on it. I went in quickly, and there I saw Mr. Dodge and Sylvia Hofstadter nude in bed.

"I said: You had better get to hell out of there before murder happens. Mrs. Dodge is coming over. She is on the way here in the launch.'

"Mr. Dodge said to me excitedly: 'Mike, get her out of here! Put her in the bilge! Throw her overboard! Do anything! Get rid of her!' "

IT WAS quite a problem, the skipper continued in his affidavit, but he finally persuaded Sylvia to don her clothing, and with expert seamanship guided her to an "escape door" leading to the engine room. And in nautical terms he continued:

"I put her in a launch which was on the port side aft. Not wanting Mrs. Dodge to see the launch leave, I waited until I hear d her launch come to a stop at the main gangway. Then I directed a sailor who was standing by to take this woman away and he did so."

Meanwhile, with ceremony and the dignity due the wife of the owner of the "Vanities," Mrs. Mickey was being piped aboard.

"When I learned the truth," she has since said feelingly, "I was not only angry but humiliated."

The name of Sylvia Hofstadter is only one on the list of seven Mickey has named as her successors in her husband's affections. Most of them were cafe society girls, but Mickey gives special space, in her charges, to a girl identified as an Army nurse, Lieut. Clara Tinsley.

WHAT with nylon stockings being hard to get, if any, Mickey declared, along with allegations of infidelity:

"My husband gave Lieut. Clara Tinsley a gross of nylon stockings for which he paid over $1400."

Attached to Mickey's complaint is an affidavit signed by Richard Schmidt, a bellhop at the Claypoll Hotel, Marion, citing these details:

"Between Sept. 10, 1943, and Sept. 17, 1943, I was called to a room to serve ice and whisky to Maj. Dodge and Lieut. Clara Tinsley and I observed them both in various forms of undress, Lieut. Tinsley being in pajamas, nightgown, or sometimes wearing a slip, and Maj. Dodge being in bed sitting in his pajamas."

Mickey has also produced an affidavit from another hotel employe, in which Dodge is quoted as saying of Lieut. Tinsley:

"I love the little half-pint; I will do everything I can to be with her."

And Mickey adds: "This little country girl is 27, and hails from Jefferson County, Ky., and my husband called her: 'My little hillbilly.' "

THERE are others in the list of those who, according to Mickey, had an undue share in her husband's heart and bankroll. She mentions, in terse legal terms:

"Flo Sisman, Ambassador and Shelton Hotels, New York city, and other places, between May 15, 1940, and Feb. 5, 1941.

"Rose Nagey, Ambassador Hotel in August, 1943, and other occasions.

"Virgil Dodd, at East 57th st and at Point Lookout, L. I., and on the yacht Vanities, between Jan., 1941 and Sept. 1942.

"Anita Rogers at the Hotel Madison between May, 1940, and Sept., 1943.

"Ann Black, England."

The last-named Ann Black had been previously named by Mickey Dodge in a separation action which the present divorce suit now replaces, and Ann had been described as an actress whose chief engagement was to preside as hostess at Dodge's castle at St. Leonard's Windsor, England.

MICKEY, who sang for nothing in a South Boston church choir, and whose first professional road show job netted her $50 a week, minus expenses, has declared she seeks no alimony in her present divorce action. She explains:

"I am not asking any alimony for myself, as my husband gives me $18,000 a year, in addition to $12,000 a year due under a premarital agreement, making a total of $60,000 a year. In addition, the prenuptial agreement provides for payment to me of $1,000,000 net upon the happening of certain events."

Just what these "certain events" were, Mickey has not explained, but it has been reported that divorce might be one of them.

She has also asked $75,000 counsel fees and $15,000 more for expenses in preparing her divorce action. On her request for this total of $90,000, Justice Morris Eder has reserved a decision, to give Dodge's counsel an opportunity to reply.

All this is nothing new, maritally speaking, to Dodge. He has now been married three times and divorce courts are familiar ground to him.

HIS first wife was a former society girl, Lois Knowlton, who divorced him in 1926. Although he pursued her on a round-the-world love chase to win a reconciliation, she persisted in her action, and obtained with her decree a settlement of $1,000,000.

Dodge's second marriage took place in London in 1928, to the former Muriel D. Sisman of Detroit, daughter of a contractor. This union also ended in divorce, and again Dodge settled for $1,000,000. There were two children by each marriage.

Dodge first met Mickey back in 1931, when she appeared in the "Vanities." For eight years they were friends, and then came their spectacular elopement.

Now Mickey says: "I think the whole trouble was that my husband had too much money. He fell under the influence of so many women who were merely concerned with his millions. He has an income of $300,000 a year, and that makes it hard for a man to live a normal family life."

Dodge has as yet made no answer to his wife's charges. He has been assigned to Washington with the Army Air Forces. But marriages, divorces, and alimony are by now an old story to him.

Marital troubles of Martha "Mickey" Devine Dodge (above) are being aired in New York court. Left, Mickey and her estranged hubby, Horace Dodge, partying during happier stage of marriage.

Utah's Polygamy Arrests Unfold Wives' Strange Lives

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW APR. 2, 1944

By PAUL WHELTON

POLYGAMY, the aversion of which would see [illegible] the institution of [illegible] Powell and [illegible] the head [illegible] of [illegible] the pulling [illegible] which is [illegible] among [illegible] of one [illegible].

[illegible] other one [illegible] in [illegible] but [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

THIS EVENING'S CONCERT WHICH THE FAMOUS TRAPP FAMILY will present in Jordan Hall, under the sponsorship of Bellarmine Academy is one of the outstanding benefit affairs of the pre-Easter season . . . proceeds will go to the Jesuit Missions.

Among the list of expected patrons are Mr. and Mrs. George Mahannah, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Carlin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gerard Swanton, Mr. and Mrs. Jere F. Chatham, Mrs. Edward C. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Wade, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Trevor, Miss Louise Fitzgerald, Miss Marion O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred H. Harwell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Duffy, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. James Wyers, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kickham, Judge and Mrs. John F. Sagan and Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Webber.

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MRS. WILLIAM A. McCARTHY . . . president-elect of Boston Chapter, D.A.R., will be guest of honor at a tea to be given by the Chapter at the Women's Republican Club.

Mrs. McCarthy, just back from a brief holiday in New York where she was a guest of Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, chose a smart navy blue suit and navy and white flowered corsage.

Her guests included Mrs. Stephen W. Higgins, green orchids with her black ensemble; Mrs. Charles W. Mulcahy, fuchsia and color coral hat with her fuchsia frock and mink coat . . . Mrs. Arthur Grimes, gay little blue and rose trimmed black hat with her dark outfit; Mrs. Edward O'Shea, white-flower-adorned navy hat with her Persian coat, and her guest, Mrs. John Gallagher of Colorado Springs, here to visit her sons who are students at Andover Academy, and Mrs. James McArdle, cunning little "Breath of Spring" chapeau with her beige dress and fur-trimmed coat.

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ON hand to hear Rev. Charles McGinnis, headmaster of St. Sebastian's Country Day School, discuss our Constitution, were Mrs. William Casey (Ann's charming mother-in-law), becoming little white velvet hat above her black crepe gown, corsaged in gardenias . . . Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald Jr., shell pink ostrich tips on her black velvet hat which topped a silver fox cape . . . Mrs. Jack Cheppard above Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen's navy suit . . . smart little hat of shiny green leaves adorned with a single pink rose tipped Mrs. Edward Butler's neck cape and Mrs. John Mac-Court wore her fur-trimmed [illegible] with her gardenias [illegible].

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TWO THEATRICAL openings this week [illegible] . . . Pretty Lady Parker of the Women and Allied Relief at the Somerset . . . Mrs. Malcolm Bartlett [illegible] at the Shubert . . . Mrs. Edmund Bartlett, Mrs. Dana Bell, the Charles Sumner Bulfinch attractive pair[illegible] . . . Mrs. Charles A. Wessell, Betsey Bulmer and Joan Perrin.

Recollection Day At West Roxbury

WEST ROXBURY Catholic Woman's Club will hold its seventh annual Day of Recollection at Roxbury Academy of Notre Dame, tomorrow.

Rev. Lucian Ducie, Retreat Director of St. Gabriel's Passionist Monastery, Brighton, will conduct the conferences.

Mrs. Frank Flanagan, chairman, will be assisted by Mrs. Ashbel H. Clayton, Mrs. Joseph F. Connelly, Mrs. James H. Flanagan, Mrs. Albert F. Harwood, Mrs. Michael Pierre, Mrs. Frank J. Runes, Mrs. Jacob O. Sommer and Mrs. Joseph H. Vaughn.

A SPRING WEDDING is being planned by Martha Jean Famolare, whose engagement to Dr. H. Edward Arion is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Philley Famolare of Chestnut Hill.

Royal Atelier Photo

St. Elizabeth's Penny Sale

ALONG COMES news of Guild of St. Elizabeth's annual penny sale for "sweet charity," set for Monday evening, April 17, in the Empire Room of the Hotel Vendome. Proceeds will be used, as usual, toward the upkeep of the day nursery conducted by the guild at 27 Dudley st., Roxbury, a splendid cause, indeed.

Directing the ticket sale for this interesting occasion are Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly, Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen and Mrs. John Dunphy.

Also working for the success of the benefit sale are Mrs. Joseph Cavanagh, guild president; Mrs. Frederic Crosby, Mrs. Charles Mulcahy, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Frances D. Pitts, Mrs. J. Wallace Mahoney, Mrs. David A. Foley, Mrs. Charles J. Fox, Mrs. Cyril Lydon, Mrs. Allen Rogers, Mrs. Emil Coulon, Mrs. William J. Walton, Miss Alice Falvey, Miss Agnes Fitzgibbons, Miss Maud Rockwell, Mrs. John A. Daly, Mrs. Bernard J. Baldwin, Mrs. Charles Donovan, Mrs. Matthew J. Fox, Mrs. John Hession, Miss Dorothy Carney and Mrs. John C. O'Neil.

Russian War Relief Meeting

Reservations are pouring in to Russian War Relief headquarters for tomorrow's meeting at Boston Opera House, at which Leland Stowe, famous news correspondent and Pulitzer prize winner, is to be guest speaker.

Among the subscribers are Mr. and Mrs. Weber White, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Houghton, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Htould Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Barne Ursin, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Janeway, Miss Alice Mine, Mrs. Everett Elledge, Mrs. Harold Blanchard, Miss Cora Phelps, Miss Mary Rousmaniere, Miss Frances Frost, Miss Catherine Crothers, Lieut. and Mrs. Evan James, I. Tucker Burr, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cross, Dr. and Mrs. Bernard I. Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks Fenno.

★ ★ ★

SPENDING THE Easter season down in Palm Beach are Mr. and Mrs. Everett Anderson and their small sons, Billy and Everett, Jr.

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Wedding Bells Chime Tuesday for Jane Rice

By ALICE WILLIAMS

MAY I SAY . . . Of all OUR MOST ATTRACTIVE [illegible] long procession of wartime [illegible] related to murmur her "I do's and I [illegible] Taft Wolf, USCGR, who is due to [illegible] West Coast tonight.

[illegible] Stars) was slower [illegible] yesterday for her charming . . . Louise Penhallow [illegible] a cocktail party tomorrow in honor of the bridal [illegible] and Ensign Wolf's cousin [illegible] and Mrs. Warren Taft Bryant entertain at luncheon on Tuesday at the Weston Golf Club.

[illegible] days [illegible] . . . [illegible]

JANE RICE

[illegible] sister, Suzanne, holidaying [illegible] Miss Hall's exclusive [illegible] Curtis Knight will journey up from Providence to perform best man duties for Ensign Wolf [illegible] the ring [illegible] of the wedding and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will be [illegible].

Jane and her mother whipped up the wedding in exceedingly short notice, as the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Receiving commissions in the SPARS at services held at New London, Ct. were Ensigns Ruth Clark Cox, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Joseph P. Cox of West Roxbury, and Margaret K. McDade, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick M. Lane of 27 Jefferson st., Newton.

★ ★ ★

Ensign Barbara F. Sellars of the WAVES daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sellars of Andover, is betrothed to Lieut. (jg) Baldwin Sayer, U. S. N., son of Mrs. W. Norman Sayer of Newport, R. I. The bride-elect, a graduate of Boston University, is stationed in Norfolk, Va.

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Graduates in the Army Nurse Corps at Ft. Devens were Lieuts. Catherine A. Ashe of Leominster, Helen M. Boland, Newton Center, Mary M. Brannagan, Natick, and Agnes Campbell of Marlboro.

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WAVE Yeoman 1/c Catherine Shea, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Shea of Marshall st., Medford Hillside, became the bride of Lieut. Stephen H. Hayes, U. S. A., in the rectory of the Sacred Heart Church, Medford Hillside.

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Training as SPARS in Palm Beach, Fla., are Dorothy A. Donald of Needham and Helen E. White of Somerville.

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WAVE Alma M. Getchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Getchell of West Somerville, is stationed at Chase Field, Beeville, Texas. Her engagement to Corp. Ernest A. Borden, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Borden of Bradford, was recently announced.

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Private Ursula M. Fusco, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fusco of 26 Lambert st., Medford, has completed her advanced training course in the WAC's at Commerce, Texas, and has been assigned to the Carlsbad Army Air Field, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

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Emily Marie Burke of 60 Pemberton sq., Boston, and Christine M. Dooley, 14 Presidents lane, Quincy, are training as members of the Women's Reserve of the U. S. Marine Corps at Camp Lejeune, New River, North Carolina.

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Another Massachusetts miss to follow the tradition of the sea is Mary M. Halloran of Swampscott, daughter of John J. Halloran, prominent in maritime circles, who left to train as a SPAR at the Coast Guard Academy, New London, Ct. Her brother John is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy.

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Members of the military police at Ft. Devens are Pvts. Josephine Selsick of Lawrence and Grace Fisher of Newton Upper Falls.

CAPT. ELEANORE C. SULLIVAN of 48 Trenton st., Lawrence, is commander of the Third Regiment of WACs at Ft. Des Moines, Iowa. Formerly she was a member of the staff of Lawrence High School.

Legion Plan Rummage Sale

A PRE-EASTER TEA was held by the rummage sale committee of Crosscup-Pishon Post, No. 289 American Legion, on Friday, in the Monaco Room of the Hotel Lenox. Mrs. Stretton of the Salvation Army was guest speaker.

Executive chairman for the event planned for May 9, in Horticultural Hall . . . is Mrs. John L. MacNeil of Newton. Assisting are Mrs. Joseph G. Gavin, Mrs. Thomas A. Fitzgerald, Mrs. John Reddy, Mrs. Arthur F. Rush, Mrs. Louis M. Marks, Mrs. Thomas H. Riley, Mrs. Arthur J. Fleming and Mrs. Edward P. Keefe.

The proceeds from the sale make it possible for the wives and children of the men in the armed forces to spend two weeks at the Salvation Army Camp in Sharon.

Mrs. Sherry Heads Ticket Committee

MRS. WILLIAM D. MORAN, president of the Guild of St. Francis, has appointed Mrs. James Sherry as chairman of the ticket committee for the Easter bridge to be held on Saturday, April 15, in the Copley Plaza.

Assisting with plans are Mrs. Herman Banks, Mrs. William Bradford, Mrs. John Calligan, Mrs. Edward Cooney, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Daniel Griffin, Mrs. F. Preston Herring, Mrs. Charles Kinchla, Mrs. John Lee, and Mrs. Albert Meserve.

Also Mrs. Martin Meyer, Mrs. Thomas Mullen, Mrs. Walter Piotti, Mrs. Timothy Reagan, Mrs. Edward Sullivan, Mrs. Joseph Supple, Mrs. Harold White, and Mrs. Brendan Whittaker.

Trapp Concert

TONIGHT IS THE DATE of the Trapp Family Concert to take place at Jordan Hall, under the auspices of the Xavier Guild working in conjunction with the Bellarmine Academy for the aid of Jesuit Missions.

Furlough Brides!

Why waste precious time searching for your bridal gown and veil when everything can be arranged at a moment's notice from $19.50 up. Plan to visit the Mary Burns Bridal Shop today and see their lovely spring selection in faille, net, matquisette or satin. We feature also bridesmaids' gowns and hats in soft, delicate sheers, or the more distinct colors in taffeta. Write or phone Mary Burns, 100 Summer St. Liberty 3572. Advt.

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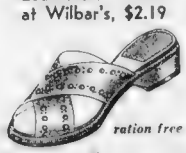

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BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL BELLES APRIL 2, 1944

Club Clippings

By MADAME CHAIRMAN

AN INTERESTING AFTERNOON HAS BEEN planned by the Harvard Woman's Club of Boston, on Thursday, [illegible] of the Hotel Vendome when members' day will be observed.

[illegible] Irma Wing Taylor, world [illegible] Europe [illegible] and Thailand."

Among the hostesses at tea will [illegible] Mrs. Bowen Mason, [illegible] Mrs. Bennett Hubbard and Mrs. W. A. Mansfield.

★ ★ ★

THE [illegible] of Honor at the [illegible] Club Monday afternoon will include Mrs. Hiram Bond, 1st vice president, Mrs. Lucius E. Thayer and Mrs. F. Allen Bent, 4th district director.

[illegible] will be served [illegible] Mrs. Leroy [illegible] meeting [illegible] of Mrs. [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] chairman, [illegible] "Red One" [illegible] and "Red Wax" will be given.

[illegible] Mrs. Earl W. [illegible] Mrs. William C. Burdett, Mrs. Eva B. Stewart, Mrs. John Alden, Mrs. Burton Wheeler, Mrs. William Dexter, Mrs. Percy Ruhl and Mrs. Robert Bacon. Assisting the hostesses, Mrs. Emma Brierley, are Elizabeth Brierley and Mrs. Henrietta Gardner.

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A TALK ON the Literature of India will be given by Mrs. Frank S. Evans tomorrow afternoon before members of the Winchester Fortnightly Literature group.

Book reviews will be given by Mrs. Blanche S. Barnard, Mrs. Blanche Reynolds and Mrs. Joseph Morton.

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A ONE-ACT play will feature the program of the Waltham Matinee on Wednesday at the Lowell House. Preceding the meeting, dessert-coffee will be served. Mrs. Clinton L. Wilson will act as hostesses for the day, assisted by Mrs. James Riley, as tea hostess.

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MRS. HELEN M. HACKETT, third [illegible] president of the Quota Club, will be chairman of the dinner meeting to be held on Thursday evening at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston st.

A talk on "Grooming for the Job" will be given by Mrs. Mary Carr Baker, public health education worker, division of child hygiene, State Department of Public Health. Presiding will be the president, Carolyn LaVers.

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THURSDAY IS the date for the Junior D. A. R. Round Table Group to be held at the Hotel Kenmore at 7:45 p. m. Final plans for the junior events at the congress will be discussed.

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MRS. ELLIOTT B. WILLIAMS, chairman, will preside at the meeting of the Milton Woman's Club tomorrow afternoon when the Glee Club will [illegible]

Plans have been completed for the dessert-bridge to take place on Monday, April 10.

Spring Musicale To Be Presented

A SPRING MUSICALE will be presented by the Massachusetts Maine Daughters on Thursday, April 13, at 1 p. m. in the Hotel Vendome.

Mrs. Louis Garcelon will serve as chairman, assisted by Mrs. Antonio Savio. The committee includes Mrs. Frank Ober, Mrs. Orville Pinkham, Mrs. William D. Powers, Mrs. Frank I. Raymond, Mrs. Frank Richardson, Mrs. Arthur Sampson, Mrs. J. A. Schneider, Mrs. E. H. Schibner and Marion Sherry.

Also Mrs. William Siewerts, Mrs. George Stackpole, Mabel Starbird, Mrs. Carroll Swan, Mrs. Eugene Thayer, Mrs. William Tobin, Mrs. Sidney Treat, Mrs. Frank Twitchell, Mrs. I. Chandler Walker and Mrs. Leonard Wason.

Bertha Barnes is in charge of the program and the pourers are Mrs. Arthur Henderson and Mrs. George P. Creighton. Among the guests of honor will be Mrs. Edwin Troland, Mrs. Ralph Swain and Mrs. Howard T. Spaulding.

Gala Dinner at Republican Club

GUEST SPEAKER at the Republican Dinner at the Woman's Republican Club, 46 Beacon st., on Thursday, was the distinguished congressman, Joseph W. Martin, Jr.,

Mrs. William Endicott was general chairman, assisted by Mrs. Charles P. Howard, president; Mrs. Raymond Wheeler, Atty. Robert F. Bradford, Charles Sumner Bird, I. Tucker Burr, Jr., Laurence Curtis, Joseph Francis Merrill Griswold and others.

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MRS. ALBERT D. MALONE . . . the former Helen Simon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Simon, 22 Summer st., West Roxbury . . . who became the bride of Coxswain Albert D. Malone, Jr., USCG, son of Dr. and Mrs. Albert D. Malone of 64 Grant st., Somerville, is now honeymooning in New York.

Emmanuel Bridge And Fashion Show

EMMANUEL'S SOPHOMORE class will sponsor a bridge tea and fashion show, for the benefit of the Foreign Missions Society on Wednesday, April 12, at 2 p. m.

Members of the committee are Mildred McDevitt, chairman, Claire Kerwin, Manetta Mahoney, Maurice Donovan, Mary Earley, Virginia Reilly, Mary Kelley, Ruth McGovern, Florence Logue and Anne Costello.

Also Alice McCarthy, Shirley Adams, Mary Cashman, Marguerite O'Grady, Eleanor LaVangie, Patricia Power, Josephine Dolan, Marie Buckley, Dorothy Cogan, Katherine Burns, Mary Will, Corlyse Hazard, Bertha Carroll, Joan Lawless, Jane Ryan, Marguerite Kelleher, Barbara Dewey, Evelyn Dewire, Theresa Scannell and Helen Riley.

Among the models will be Patricia Schlichte, Genevieve Kenefick, Miriam Ahern, Janet Brandt and Mary Eleanor Sullivan.

Mrs. Pearl Entertains Aid Group at Tea

MRS. SAMUEL L. PEARL entertained the members of the Information Aid Group, District 19, Boston Committee on Public Safety, at a tea at her home, Abbot st., Dorchester. Assisting were Mrs. Irving Merriam, Mrs. Anita Carlson and Phyllis Pearl.

Guest speaker was Mrs. Pauline L. Lehrberger, district survey Boston Council of Social Agency.

Notre Dame Guild Anniversary Party

MRS. STEPHEN A. O'NEILL of Dorchester will serve as chairman of the Anniversary Tea to be conducted by the Notre Dame Guild of Roxbury this afternoon at the Academy in Roxbury.

Plans will be discussed for the communion breakfast and spring bridge and fashion show to be held later in the season.

ANNOUNCEMENT
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B'nai B'rith Elects Slate

BEACON AUXILIARY NO. 111, B'nai B'rith, elected their slate of officers including Mrs. Peter Bennett, president; Mrs. Herbert J. Goulston, first vice-president; Mrs. Davis Charam, second vice-president; Grace Hurwitz, treasurer and financial secretary, and Lillian Feldman, recording secretary.

The other officers chosen were Jennie Weisblatt, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Irving Horwitz, sentinel; Mrs. Manuel Williams, guide; Esther L. Silk and Sayre T. Sapers, trustees.

On the board of directors are Mrs. Max H. Tobin, Mrs. Norman Lipson, Mrs. Allan A. Fishman, Mrs. Joshua I. Seidman, Florence Levine, Evelyn Kobus and Pauline Winnick. The nominating committee include Mrs. Allan A. Fishman, Mrs. Samuel Goldberg, Mrs. Norman Lipson, Mrs. Max H. Tobin and Sylvia Friedman.

Esther L. Silk chairman is making plans for the [illegible] to be held later in the [illegible] Assisting will be Mrs. Abner Sewell and Lillian Feldman.

Charity Drive in Natick Planned

A CHARITY DRIVE is being sponsored by the Natick Circle of the Woman's Club at the auditorium on Monday evening, April 10. "Pack your game" parts will feature the evening's program.

Among those working on the success of the affair are Mrs. Thomas Quirk, Mrs. Mary Carney, Mrs. Charles Brady, Mrs. Edward O'Connor, Mrs. Edward Quinn, Mrs. Thomas Sheehan, Josephine Gilson, Marjorie Condon, Mary Quinn and Eva Gavin.

Planning to be present are Mrs. Arthur Fair, Mrs. Francis Murphy, Mrs. Ruth Powers and Mrs. Arthur Doherty.

Franklin Park Circle Operetta

AN OPERETTA will be sponsored by the Franklin Park Circle, No. 1571, Companions of the Forest of America, on Tuesday evening at 8, in the Herbert Wolf Post, 20 Charlotte st., Dorchester.

The evening will be in charge of Mrs. Gertrude Goldstone. Refreshments will be served.

Canadian Auxiliary Feature Quartette

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY to the Canadian Club of Boston will meet on Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m. at the Y. W. C. A., 140 Clarendon st., Boston.

Mrs. E. A. Howes, Jr., chairman, will present the MacDowell Ladies' Quartette. Mrs. R. Irving will be chairman of hostesses. Coffee will be served at 1 p. m.

Mass. Daughters' Sponsor Meeting

AN ANNUAL MEETING of the Daughters of Massachusetts is being planned for Thursday, April 13, at the Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon st., Boston, at 11 a. m.

Preceding the luncheon a reception will be held.

Elizabeth G. Sparkes
Electric Needle Specialist
Hundreds of women owe their smooth complexion to Miss Sparkes. She has 22 years experience in removing superfluous hair. Uses the short Wave Method, also the 1 to 100 or 40 needle machine, the only one of its kind in Boston. Recommended by physicians. Miss Elizabeth G. Sparkes, 120 Tremont St., Room 333. HAN. 7592 Adv.

BEAUTY

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

EVEN the woman who keeps a good watch over her weight finds herself eating [illegible] and [illegible] in general [illegible] Any dietician will tell you that [illegible] is [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] but you can't [illegible] your skin.

Consequently, this year the dry skin [illegible] always [illegible] [illegible] more attention than ever before.

Now you want to look your very best when you [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Stories of Our Heroes in the South Pacific

Continued from Page 1

Pvt. Leon Eddy, Elmwood ave, Dedham; Corp. Elmer E. Rogers, North Federal st., Lynn; Pvt. Wallace J. Warren, Wyoming ter., Melrose; Pvt. Edward J. Noonan, Jr., Winchester st., Brookline, and Corp. Harold W. Strickland, Temple st., Dedham.

Just before the boys broke from the pose—and praised the Red Cross as they did so—Kaiserson explained that the Red Cross has been taking such pictures, in groups, of servicemen from each of the 48 states. These are sent to Red Cross headquarters in Washington.

Staff Sergt. Salo, the youthful gunner aboard a Jolly Roger bomber, was all smiles as he left the pictured group. He was happy, he said, and he wanted everybody to know it.

As soon as he could get transportation, he said, he was going home on furlough to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Avid Salo of Ashburnham, and he was very proud of the fact that he had completed 300 combat flying hours in New Guinea.

Pvt. Harry Shopnick
Chelsea

Richard Woodbury, MM 1/c
Newton

Pfc. George Miller
Chelsea

Red Cross Worker Anita Hebert
Longmeadow

YOUNG Wesley was reticent regarding his experiences as a "baby" member of a bomber crew, one of the first to make a daylight bombing attack on Rabaul last year. And when this former reporter commented on the beardless face of the young bombardier, Wesley grinned and replied:

"Oh, I shave once in a while."

On his shirtfront, this kid wears a flock of ribbons—the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Cluster, the Asiatic Pacific ribbon, with two stars for the New Guinea and North Solomons campaigns, and a good conduct ribbon.

"What do the fellows talk about when they're on their way to a bombing target?" I asked him.

"The girls back home," he answered. "Yeah, and politics sometimes. But most of them are thinking of the kind of job they're going to have when they get back to civilian life. You know, many of them never had any real jobs."

"What do you want to do most right now?"

"There isn't anything I want to do but get home. I'm going to run around plenty and make up for lost time. My mother doesn't know I'm coming home. Will she be surprised! And I'm looking forward to some real home cooking. I've had enough bully beef."

IT WAS Corp. Larry Barrett who had asked for Buck Flyan of the Boston American and Boston Sunday Advertiser, and it was only natural that he and I should draw apart to my room and do a bit of chinning while sipping a little wine and chewing on some peanuts. And after awhile, Larry told me his story, though of course with reservations.

"I enlisted in October, 1942," he said, "and did duty in all parts of the States. Once our ship was torpedoed. When I came on deck, I found one of the men without his life jacket, standing there, refusing to go over the side. As I'm a strong swimmer, I gave him mine and jumped into the oil-covered water.

"I swam around for a little while till I spotted a floating life jacket. I put it on and then swam to a raft with about 30 soldiers and a colored chaplain clinging to the raft's sides. I mention the colored chaplain because he did more to keep up our spirits than anyone.

"He knew the Bible well and quoted many of its passages verbatim. Color of a man's skin doesn't mean very much at a time like this.

"Our biggest worry was keeping awake. Many of the men had swallowed oil and were retching all over the place. Someone would ask me every 15 minutes or so, 'What time is it?' You see, my watch was the only one working. I bought it on Winter st. in Boston before I joined up."

LARRY said that somebody in the group washing around in the sea, hoping against hope that they'd be picked up—though with not too much hope on the aggregate—suggested that each man tell his life story to pass the time away.

And he added, grinning, that some of them now wish they hadn't been so willing, or so sentimental—at least, so revealing—because eventually they were picked up by a destroyer, and it was too late then to expunge some of the secrets that had been disclosed.

Barrett himself was taken to an Army hospital and treated for temporary blindness due to effects of the oil.

Anita Hebert—and the perspiration by then had dried—said that she was administering "conversational therapy" to servicemen as they arrived here.

"All the men I've met and talked with," she declared, "want to converse on one subject—home. They all preface their conversation with this question: 'Where are you from?' One such man, a wounded serviceman, wanted to talk about Boston, Scollay sq., Boston Common and the weather mostly. When I left him, I gave him, at his request, my Red Cross emblem as a souvenir."

Speaking of coincidences, not long after the picture-taking incident, I was sitting in the office of a Red Cross program director when the door opened and a soldier who proved to be Staff Sergt. Arthur Present of Gardner st., Allston, popped in.

SERGT. PRESENT, 23 years old and more than six feet tall, said he had been in the Army since December, 1941, and had lived most of his life in Malden.

"I lived in Malden a few years ago myself," I told him.

"What street?" he asked.

"Henry st. I replied.

His eyes widened. "Henry st.? No kidding. I lived there, too. What number?"

And when I answered that I'd lived at No. 58 Henry st., he was almost speechless, but only for a moment. He had lived in the same house and he announced it with amazement in his voice.

During that week, Sergt. Present had suffered his sixth attack of malaria but he wanted his mother back in Boston to know he was feeling well again—and he wanted her to know that he had come through more than 50 Jap bombings unscathed.

"Once a bomb fell within 10 yards of where I was working," he said. "It was a dud. We were working inside a thatched-roof native hut about 40 miles from Jap-held territory when, without warning, nine Jap planes came over and started dropping bombs.

"All of us started for the foxholes. In the scramble, I knocked down a major. Later he thanked me for it. If he had been standing, he said, one of the flying pieces of shrapnel would have struck him."

IN New Guinea, Present was with a Jolly Roger bomber outfit operations unit. Now he is in the judge-advocate's office of the Army Air Corps.

"Have you a best girl back home?" I asked.

"Have I? Yes, sir. My mother. But my mother doesn't worry about my getting married to an Aussie girl. I still miss the American girls."

The sergeant said that, next to his family, he misses mail most; that once in New Guinea he received 112 letters in one day.

"Last Christmas," he revealed, "I got 75. One of them was a Christmas card from the year before and one was from a friend of mine, mailed last July, telling me of the wonderful job he had and that the draft hadn't caught up with him."

The sergeant grinned.

"I found out from a later letter that the draft board did catch up with him. He's in the Army now."

THEN the sergeant grew serious. He said:

"There's a favor I'd like to ask. Will you write something about my best friend and buddy, Sergt. Irving Herson of Roxbury? He was reported missing last September while on a test flight off New Guinea.

"Irving was a crew chief on a B-24. He was 23. His father owns an automobile accessories store in Cambridge. He was always talking about his folks and family. His pin-up girl, as he called her, was a little niece whom he had never seen. She's his sister's child. He had her pictures all over the wall.

"He always talked about what he was going to do when he got home. His ambition was to have a car of his own. His folks, to whom he had been sending his pay, promised him a new car. They put his money in the bank for him.

"I've tried to take Irving's place. I write to his folks regularly. They still hope that he'll be found alive. Last Christmas they sent me some presents. There were a couple of books inscribed, 'To Irving, with all our love. The Folks.' I treasure those books very dearly."

A day or so ago, the writer was in an Australian broadcasting studio, listening to three wounded United States servicemen broadcast, over short-wave, their battle experiences. One of the three was Marine Pvt. James F. McNabb, former Boston postoffice worker, of 35 Nikisch ave., Roslindale.

MCNABB leaned against the baby grand piano for support, the script spread before him. Though it was comparatively cool in the studio, his shirt was wet with perspiration, brought on by nervousness. Standing beside him was a Red Cross worker, Sally Howe of North Amherst.

This Marine had been on the receiving end of Jap sniper bullets on two occasions, the first time on Guadalcanal, the second time the day after last Christmas, during the campaign for Cape Gloucester.

"I joined the Marines two years ago," McNabb spoke into the mike. "I've been overseas 22 months now. At present I'm recuperating in a local hospital.

"My outfit landed on Guadalcanal in Sept., 1942, just one month after the original landings of the First and Fifth Regiments.

"I got hit on the left part of my leg at Bloody Ridge. It was a superficial wound and kept me at Henderson Field for five days. All the time I was in the hospital, the fighting had been taking place on the west end of the island. My outfit was sent out to stop a Jap landing.

"They outnumbered us three to one, so we moved off the beach into the jungle so they wouldn't see us. In the jungle we contacted the Japs and killed more than 350. It took a week before we cleaned the out.

"The outfit was [illegible] four months. We came [illegible] liberty. The Aust[illegible] be darn well. We were [illegible] into [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a week.

"H[illegible]

"We [illegible] after Christ[illegible] [illegible] McNabb [illegible] [illegible] after we landed. It was [illegible] [illegible] going through [illegible] mud up to your knees. We [illegible] ran into snipers in the [illegible] they were quickly eliminated.

"Later the Japs tried [illegible] an attack on us. It didn't go very far. We set up a line of fire [illegible] get back. The last [illegible] got [illegible] boys were [illegible] and about to clean their weapons outside their foxholes the Japs popped in on us and [illegible] fire. Our guns opened up [illegible] ran for cover.

"We moved a mile [illegible] flank to fill a hole in the [illegible] Just as we were [illegible] our heavy machine gun, I was hit through the chest by a sniper. Everything went black for a while. I came to and found a corpsman patching me up. I must have lost a lot of blood because they gave me blood plasma at a first-aid station.

"The next day I was evacuated back to New Guinea and then down here to the hospital. I expect to be discharged any day now so that I can get back to my outfit."

There was more of McNabb's story, which cannot be told here. On the way out of the studio—such is the curious way you bump into home folks in this far-flung war—I almost collided with Lieut. Allan Yoffa of McLean st., West End, an Army officer who, with his brother, Jimmy, used to practice law in Boston.

LIEUT. YOFFA said he was in town for only a few days and his story cannot now be told, either.

However, the story of Chelsea can be told—and of how a Navy ensign from Reno, Nev., came to learn where Chelsea is located. I had just come off a mid-watch recently when Ensign Cameron Batjo, my roommate, asked:

"Where the devil is Chelsea?"

"Chelsea?" I said. "It's part of Greater Boston. Why?"

"Well," the Nevadan explained, "two soldiers were here looking for you last night. They come from Chelsea. I told them you were on duty and would expect them to return some other time. But, no. They planked themselves down and started to tell me all about Chelsea.

"I thought California was the only place that sent out junior delegates to tell the world about the wonderful gifts that had been bestowed upon them by nature. They left their names on a piece of paper on the bureau."

I found the paper, on which were scrawled, in pencil, the names of Pvts. George Miller, 27 of 25 Orange st., and Harry Shopnick, 23, of 167 Shurtleff st., both in Chelsea. Later, on a phone call, they came over and we chinned for an hour about Boston, Chelsea and [illegible] Upper [illegible] were [illegible] recently received a medal from his father, an Israeli.

MILLER, drafted [illegible] 1941, [illegible] home after [illegible] and a half [illegible]

"I'd [illegible] home," he told me. "A few days ago, the [illegible] through the canal [illegible] had come through providing for rotational detachment of the men each month. Only then I overseas two and a half [illegible] with six months in a combat area, were eligible.

"I was working in the com-

Continued on Page 15

Exclusive for Boston Sunday Advertiser readers.

News from New England men and women in the South Pacific is brought to you in a series of exclusive articles written by Lieut. (jg) Caspar Dorfman, former Record-American and Sunday Advertiser staff reporter.

Epics of heroism, personal items and messages for the home folks are featured in these personalized stories written for you by a fellow New Englander, serving with our boys in the South Pacific.

More stories will appear in the Sunday Advertiser. Watch for them.

JANET TYLER appears in "Decision," which comes to the Copley Theater April 10.

EVELYNE and BEATRICE KRAFT, charming dancers in "Allah Be Praised," Al Bloomingdale's new musical, at the Shubert.

STELLA ADLER, SIDNEY BLACKMER, stars of "Pretty Little Parlor," at the Wilbur.

VERA ZORINA is the lovely ballerina who will come to the Shubert in "Dream With Music," opening on Monday eve. April 17.

Overseas Trip Comes First With Redhead Ann Sheridan

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Motion Picture Editor International News Service

HOLLYWOOD—"When are you and Steve Hannagan going to take that big step?" I asked Ann Sheridan, while we sat and talked in her dressing room. "You might as well give!" I told her, "because you and that demon press agent have all your friends guessing even the date."

Ann laughed as only she can laugh when something amuses her as being funny.

"Suppose I tell you he has never asked me to marry him, and ladies are not supposed to name their wedding day until they've had a proposal," said Ann.

Louella Parsons

"I'd say," I told her, "that you are sidestepping the issue because all his friends know he is crazy about you, and—well—that you are not in love with him."

"Steve is grand," she told me. "I have more fun with him than any man I know, and I am not denying to you that I like him better than anyone else. But say, for Heaven sakes, you're not trying to get me married—isn't twice enough?"

I have an idea that Ann and Steve will have to settle the question of what to do with their lives before they marry. Her work is in Hollywood and his is definitely in New York, where he is regarded as one of the best press relations men in America.

At the moment, Ann is determined that nothing, not even a marriage or a movie, will stand in her way of going overseas. She is determined to let the men in the armed forces know that she is with them, and when that redhead makes up her mind, no one changes it. I've known people to grow grey-haired trying it.

"Every actor and actress should visit our boys on the fighting fronts," Ann said. "We don't have to put on a great big show, just so we give them something to make them laugh. They need to see a friendly face from home to know we're with them."

Ann looked as if she had

Continued on Page 14

"Pilate's Daughter" to Close

This week brings the final performance of "Pilate's Daughter," America's oldest Passion play, which closes this year's Lenten engagement on Wednesday evening.

At Pilate's Daughter Hall in the rear of the Mission Church in Roxbury, the last performances are scheduled for this afternoon and evening, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

SHUBERT 2ND BIWEEK • MATS. WED. SAT.

"Easy on the eye and pleasant to ear. The big audience had a fine time and applauded loudly and frequentlystopping the show more than once." Elinor Hughes, Herald

"Comical and lush musical. Couldtitled "Fun in a Harem." Helen Eager, Traveler

"A big and colorful show with slang dances, diverting specialties and handsome gals. A decidedly enjoyableevening." C. W. D., Globe

"Large and lush show." Elliot Nor Post

"ALLAH BE PRAISED!"

The New Musal Comedy Hit

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and A HAREMFUL OFDELIGHTFUL EYEFULS!

Eves. (except Sat.) 50c to $2.00. Sat. Eves. $1.00 to $3.50. Matinees Wed. & SatiOo to $2.50. Plus tax.

COLONIAL

2 WEEKS—MATS. WED. & SAT.

JACQUES CHAMBRUN presents

GALA AMERICAN PREMIERE

Tomorrow Eve. at 8:30

EDMUND GWENN in W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S

with Barbara Everest and a distinguished cast. SHEPPEY POP. WED. MATS. 60c to $1.80

Staged by SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Nights: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20, 60c; Sat. Mats.: 60c to $2.40 (Tax Included)

COLONIAL • 2 WEEKS Beg. Mon., April 17, MATS. THURS. & SAT.

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A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

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EVES.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20

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RICHARD KOLLMAR presents

VERA ZORINA

RONALD GRAHAM · JUNE KNIGHT

DREAM WITH MUSIC

A New Musical with a large Broadway Cast

Book by DOROTHY GALLEN, SIDNEY SHELDON, PEN ROBERTS

Music by HENRY C. WARNICK • Lyrics by EDWARD EAGER

Choreography and Dances by GEORGE BALANCHINE

Costumes by MILES WHITE • Scenery by STEWART CHANEY

Staged by MR. KOLLMAR

MAIL ORDERS NOW

Eves. (Mon. to Fri.) $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00, $3.60, $4.20. Sat. Eve. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00, $3.60, $4.80. Wed. and Sat. Mats. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Tax Inc.

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TWO WEEKS ONLY

1500 SEATS AT POPULAR PRICES! EVES.: 60c to $3.00. WED. MAT. 60c to $1.80. SAT. MAT. 60c to $2.40 (Inc. Tax). MAIL ORDERS NOW. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope

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REPERTOIRE

FIRST WEEK	SECOND WEEK
April 24 "The Mikado"	April 30 (Mat. and Eve.) "The Mikado"
April 25 "The Mikado"	May 1 "The Gondoliers"
April 26 (Mat. and Eve.) "Trial by Jury" & "Pinafore"	May 2 "The Gondoliers"
April 27 "Trial by Jury" & "Pinafore"	May 3 (Mat and Eve.) "The Mikado"
April 28 "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance"	May 4 "The Mikado"
April 29 (Mat and Eve.) "Cox and Box" & "Pirates of Penzance"	May 5 "Iolanthe"
	May 6 (Mat.) "Iolanthe" (Eve.) "The Mikado"
	May 7 (Mat. and Eve.) "Ruddigore"

SYMPHONY HALL—CON. 1892

FRI., APRIL 7, AT 2:30

SAT., APRIL 8, AT 8:30

Boston Symphony ORCHESTRA

S. WALLACE WOODWORTH—Conducting

TODAY 3:30 JORDAN HALL

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POPULAR EASTER PROGRAM

COPLEY THEATRE OPENING APRIL 10

EDWARD CHOATE presents

THE DRAMATIC THUNDERBOLT!

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"Tense Drama" —Winchell

"Electric With Excitement" —Eliot Norton, Post

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Eves 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, 75c, 50c Mats. Wed & Sat 1.50, 1.00, 75c, 50c. Plus Tax

THE OLD HOWARD Minute Show Friday

Continuous 9 AM to 11 PM BURLESQUE at 12-2:45-5:30

CHARLOTTE YOGUE · BILLY FOSTER · MANDY KAYE · IRMA LEE

Bert Saunders-Dorothy DeMarce 60 People—30 Gorgeous Girls

April 7—Peaches-Jack Diamond-Nancy Blair

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BALL OF FIRE with BARBARA STANWYCK · GARY COOPER

NOTHING SACRED with FREDRIC MARCH · Monk. WOOLLEY

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Greater Than "KING KONG" "NAGONGA"

BELA LUGOSI in "VOODOO MAN"

Coming—Lady and The Monster

BEACON NOW

OLSEN & JOHNSON "CRAZY HOUSE"

LON CHANEY, "SON OF DRACULA"

Playbills For April

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

MAUGHAM to Hardwicke to Gwenn sounds like a strike at the Colonial tomorrow night, where the eminent author's new play "Sheppey," with Sir Cedric directing and Edmund Gwenn in the title part, has its American premiere.

The story remains a secret, since the powers who can crash rehearsals, with proper reluctance, refuse to divulge any pro-premiere information. It's known, though, that Sheppey is a jovial little London barber who wins the Sweepstakes.

A promising cast supports Mr. Gwenn. Barbara Everest, as one of the principals, played uninterruptedly in London throughout the blitz and makes her second stage appearance in America in "Sheppey."

She has long been a favorite with London playgoers.

★ ★ ★

"DREAM WITH MUSIC," the Richard Kollmar musical which opens a two-week pre-Broadway engagement at the Shubert Theater on Monday evening, April 17, marks Vera Zorina's third appearance in a Broadway musical.

The little Norwegian girl, who was born in Berlin and was later labelled with a Russian name, first came to the attention of American audiences in "I Married an Angel."

In "Dream With Music" she has the role of an American girl, a successful writer of

Continued on Page 14

ROBERT TAYLOR stars in "Song of Russia," which opens next Thursday at the State and Orpheum.

JOAN FONTAINE is the old-fashioned girl of the title in "Jane Eyre," at the Memorial, while FRANK SINATRA stars across the street at the RKO-Boston in his new film, "Higher and Higher."

Movie Times for Today Only

STATE—"Cover girl," 1, 3:15, 5:35, 7:50, 10:10.
ORPHEUM—"Cover Girl," 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10:05.
METROPOLITAN—"Desert Song," 1, 3:35, 6:50, 9:45. "Rosie the Riveter," 2:40, 5:35, 8:30.
MEMORIAL—"Jane Eyre"; 1:01, 3:56, 6:51, 9:45. "Hi, Good Lookin'"; 2:51, 5:46, 8:41.
RKO-BOSTON—"Higher and Higher"; 2:06, 4:43, 7:20, 9:57. Stage Show; 1:00, 3:45, 6:23, 9:00.
PARAMOUNT—"Lady in the Dark," 1, 3:35, 6:55, 9:50; "Casanova in Burlesque," 2:40, 5:40, 8:35.
FENWAY—"Lady in the Dark," 2:50, 6:15, 9:30; "Casanova in Burlesque," 1:15, 4:45, 8.
EXETER—"Phantom Lady," 3:15, 6:25, 9:30; "Government Girl," 1:50, 5, 8:05.
GLOBE—"Jungle Book," 2:30, 7:02; "Wildcat," 1, 5:24, 9:47; Stage Show, 4:24, 8:47.
SCOLLAY—"Frisco Kid," 1, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45; "Uncensored," 2:26, 5:20, 8:20.
BEACON—"Crazy House," 1, 3:55, 6:50, 9:45; "Son of Dracula," 2:30, 5:30, 8:25.
OLYMPIA—"Frisco Kid," 1, 3:50, 6:45, 9:35; "Uncensored," 2:25, 5:15, 8:10.
UPTOWN—"Destination Tokyo," 2:20, 5:50, 9:25. "The Heat's On," 1, 4:30, 8.
BOWDOIN—"Return of the Vampire"; 2:33, 5:16, 8:00. "What A Woman"; 1:00, 3:43, 6:26, 9:10.
TREMONT—"My Favorite Wife"; 1:10, 4:30, 7:55. "All Thru the Night"; 2:35, 6:00, 9:20.
NORMANDIE—"King Kong" and "Maltese Falcon", continuous 1 to 11 p. m.
TRANS-LUX—"Vcode Man"; 1:05, 3:35, 6:05, 8:35. "Nakoona"; 2:15, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40.
MODERN—"Lassie Come Home"; 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30. "Bar 20"; 3, 5:30, 6, 8:30.

EXTRA! On Stage—In Person
State Theatre Only Tom'w at 9 p.m.
R. H. WHITE'S "COVER GIRL"
SPRING FASHION SHOW

2nd BIG WEEK LOEW'S STATE & ORPHEUM
Doors • Orpheum 12:45 p. m.
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IN TECHNICOLOR
RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY
Cover Girl
plus
John Nesbitt's
"To My Unborn Son"
M-G-M Cartoon
"What's Buzzin' Buzzard"

KEITH MEMORIAL
2nd GREAT WEEK
JOAN FONTAINE
ORSON WELLES
"Jane Eyre"
Co-hit "HI GOOD LOOKIN"
RKO BOSTON
SCREEN
FRANK SINATRA
Higher and Higher
MICHELE MORGAN
JON HALL
ON THE STAGE
BLUE BARRON'S ORCHESTRA
directed by
TOMMY RYAN
BILL BAILEY
TEDDY & RALPH READ
CHESTER DOLPHIN

GLOBE
BOSTON'S PALACE of BURLESQUE
Starts SUNDAY MIDNIGHT
TODAY-SUNDAY: CONT. 1 TO 11 P. M.
7 ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS
Richard Arlen-Arline Judge in "WILD CAT"
SABU in "JUNGLE BOOK"
"LEGS & LAUGHTER" BURLESQUERS—FEATURING ALL STAR CAST
ROXANNE and BERT CARR
EXOTIC EYEFUL — FAMOUS FUNSTER
HARRY CONLEY and ANN SMITH
INIMITABLE JOKESTER — CURVACEOUS & DARING
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Pantomime Offering — Colored Dancer — Blues Singer — Clever Artist — Colored Dancer
CONNY RYAN—36 BERNARDELLS—Cast of 60 People
Next Sunday Midnight—Winnie Garrett-Bobby Vail-Chuck Wilson

"THE ONE AND ONLY"
KING KONG
DON'T MISS IT ALSO
HUMPHREY BOGART
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Barons
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MALTESE FALCON
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4th Sizzling Week!
GAYETY
EXPOSING AMERICA'S MOST SHAMEFUL RACKET
SOULS IN PAWN
PLUS! "TWIN BEDS"

BOWDOIN
CONT. 1 P.M. CAP. 1000
ROSALIND RUSSELL — BRIAN AHERNE
WHAT A WOMAN
RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE
WITH
BELA LUGOSI—FRIEDA INESCOURT

TREMONT
HUMPHREY BOGART
CONRAD VEIDT
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
CARY GRANT
IRENE DUNNE
MY FAVORITE WIFE

NEWSREEL
WAR ACTION IN PACIFIC
ADMIRALTY IS. — DUTCH EAST INDIES
SEN. OF STATE HULL
AIMS OF FOREIGN POLICY
TED WEEMS and
THE ELMORE BAND

UPTOWN
Hunt. and Mass. Ave.
CARY GRANT-JOHN GARFIELD
"DESTINATION TOKYO"
MAE WEST-VICTOR MOORE
"THE HEAT'S ON"

EXETER KEN 7067
ELLA RAINES — FRANCHOT TONE
"PHANTOM LADY"
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND — SONNY TUFTS
"GOVERNMENT GIRL"
Thurs. "Destination Tokyo"

TELEPIX NEWSREEL
THE COAST GUARD
BENCHLEY — KAY DISNEY

Season of Gilbert and Sullivan

R. H. Burnside's Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company returns to the Boston Opera House for a two weeks engagement beginning April 24. The cast remains the same with Florenz Ames, Robert Pitkin, Kathleen Roche, Bertram Peacock, Catherine Judah, Robert Eckles, Kathryn Reece, James Gerard, Allen Stewart, Marie Vaidez and Mary Lundon.

★★★★★

THE PICTURE THAT Had TO BE GREAT!
To live up to the five heroes it honors!
THE SULLIVANS
★★★★★★
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
STARTS THURS. PARAMOUNT and FENWAY

M&P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE
2nd WEEK METROPOLITAN
DESERT SONG IN TECHNICOLOR
DENNIS MORGAN — IRENE MANNING
PLUS! "ROSIE THE RIVETER" JANE FRAZEE
STARTS THURSDAY METROPOLITAN
It's the hilarious story of what a girl will do to get her boss a bed in Washington!
PAULETTE GODDARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"STANDING ROOM ONLY"
A Paramount Picture
Edward ARNOLD • Roland YOUNG
PLUS 2ND HIT "The Navy Way" ROBERT LOWERY JEAN PARKER

PARAMOUNT FENWAY
GINGER ROGERS • RAY MILLAND • WARREN BAXTER • JON HALL
"LADY IN THE DARK" In Glorious Technicolor
Also Joe E. Brown, "Casanova in Burlesque"
AGN'ST OLYMPIA SCOLLAY MODERN
JAMES CAGNEY "FRISCO KID" Also "UNCENSORED," Eric Portman
Buddy McDowall "LASSIE COME HOME" Also William Boyd in "BAR 20"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE
CIRCLE KIR. 4040. Cont. cont. 2 to 11
Rosalind Russell "WHAT A WOMAN" Brian Aherne
W. Huston "NORTH STAR" A. Baxter
ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN
CONT. 1:40-11 "LASSIE COME HOME" Gildersleeve on B'way"
Capitol-Jamaica CONT. 2-11
Laird Cregar-M. Oberon "THE LODGER"
BARNES AT TARAWA "Gildersleeve on B'way"
ALLSTON Cont. 1:45-11 STA. 4410 Extra-Real Thing
Alice Faye - Carmen Miranda "GANG'S ALL HERE"
"Charlie Chan in Secret Service"
"WITH MARINES AT TARAWA"
CAMBRIDGE
CENTRAL SQ. E. McDowell - E. Gwenn CONT. 1-11 T.RO. 7900 "LASSIE COME HOME" J. Lydon-"Henry Aldrich Boy Scout"
CHELSEA
OLYMPIA Walter Huston-Anne Baxter CNT. 1:45 "THE NORTH STAR" Andrews Sisters, "SWINGTIME JOHNNY"
DORCHESTER
CODMAN TAL. 4040 - Cont. from 2:40 C. Grant-J. Garfield "Destination Tokyo" Jimmy Lydon "HENRY ALDRICH, BOY SCOUT"
FRANKLIN Cont. from 1:45 - TAL. 5900 C. Grant-J. Garfield "Destination Tokyo" Jimmy Lydon - "HENRY ALDRICH BOY SCOUT"
FIELDS Olivia DeHavilland-Sonny Tufts TAL. 5000 "GOVERNMENT GIRL" Cont. 1:00 "Gildersleeve on Broadway"
MORTON Cont. from 2. Eve. 8 GEN. 6300 R. Russell "WHAT A WOMAN" B. Aherne Bob Haymes "SWING OUT THE BLUES"
STRAND Cont. from 1:00 P. M. COL. 2000 "LASSIE COME HOME" (In Color) R. McDowell "FALSE COLORS" - William Boyd - Andy Clyde
HYDE PARK
FAIRMOUNT Olivia DeHavilland-Sonny Tufts HYD. 1234 "GOVERNMENT GIRL" Cont. 1:30 B. Rathbone, "Sherlock Holmes Faces Death"
HYDE PARK Hyd. 1411 Cont. 1:30-11 Bela Lugosi, "RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE" Ann Savage-"KLONDIKE RATE"-Tom Neal

MATTAPAN
ORIENTAL Cont. 1:30-11 P. M. DEL. 1200 R. McDowell—"LASSIE COME HOME" Andrews Sisters "SWINGTIME JOHNNY"
NORFOLK DOWNS
REGENT Cont. 2-11 GIBSON 1823 Alice Faye-Carmen Miranda "THE GANG'S ALL HERE" Robt. Armstrong, "THE MAD GHOUL" STAGE SHOW SUNDAY EVE. 9:10
ROSLINDALE
Olivia DeHavilland, "GOVERNMENT GIRL" Walter Huston, "THE NORTH STAR"
RIALTO Extra "MARINES AT TARAWA"
ROXBURY
"LASSIE COME HOME" ALL IN COLOR
RIVOLI Cont. 1-11 "CAREER GIRL"
DUDLEY WIL. 0042. CONT. 1-11 RosaRind Russell "WHAT A WOMAN" Jerome Cowan, "FIND THE BLACKMAILER"
Walter "NORTH STAR" Huston Mae West "HEAT'S ON"
SHAWMUT CAR. 1370. Cont. 1:35-11
HUMBOLDT Wis. 1300. Cont. Today from 1:45 "GUADALCANAL DIARY" Preston Foster-Wm. Bendix "Lady Takes a Chance" Jean Arthur-John Wayne
Benny Goodman and Band "GANG'S ALL HERE"
WARREN "CROSS OF LORRAINE"
SOMERVILLE
Som. 2700 Capitol-Ball Sq. Som. 3434
Walter Huston-Anne Baxter
"NORTH STAR"
Patsy Kelly "DANGER—WOMEN AT WORK"
CENTRAL Allen Faye-Tyrone Power SOM. 7610 "IN OLD CHICAGO"
Barbara Stanwyck-Joel McCrea, "Banjo On My Knee"
STRAND John Wayne-Jean Arthur SOM. 0830 "A LADY TAKES A CHANCE" Arthur Lake, "FOOTLIGHT GLAMOUR"
WOLLASTON
WOLLASTON Rosalind Russell-B. Aherne "WHAT A WOMAN" PRE. 1600 "SWING OUT THE BLUES"

GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr., in "The Sullivans," at the Paramount and Fenway Thursday.

DORIS PATSON appears with Edmund Gwenn in "Sheppey," tomorrow night at the Colonial.

Parsons

Continued from Page 12

stepped out of Harper's Bazaar, in her white tailored suit with a purple blouse and huge amethyst pins surrounded with green stones. "Aren't these lovely?" she asked. "The small stones are rhinestones colored green. They look like emeralds and I would love to own them, only I'm afraid the dye might come off."

I watched her play a scene in which Hope Manning, the heavy, walks in and tells her that she isn't married. Alexis Smith, as her girl friend, stood by her while the movie battle went on.

I marveled at the way Ann has improved since I first saw her on the Warner lot. She has poise and ease, and seemed to enjoy her part.

"You didn't like 'Doughgirls' at the start, did you?" I asked her.

"Now look here. I never said I didn't want to do it," Ann said. "I wanted to go overseas and my quarrel was with the studio because they wouldn't let me go until after I made the picture. I have such a feeling that everyone of us shoud be over there, that I just won't make another picture until I get my way. Suppose I don't get a bath for a week—live in a foxhole—or get myself all muddy and my hair is all messed up. If the boys can take it, so can I," she said.

"What does Steve think about your going so far away?" I asked her. "He is all for it and feels it's my duty, just as I do," she answered. "I will regret it all my days if I don't have a part in helping lick Hitler and put Japan in its place."

I never heard Ann so serious about anything. Usually she and I laugh and tell stories, but the biggest thing in her life today is her war time stint.

"I want to get an act together," she said. "Of course, if Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and I could go over together, it would be wonderful, because we have a routine that we have played at many canteens."

Jane Wyman, who is one of Ann's closest friends, was excused for the day from "Doughgirls" because she had a bad case of laryngitis. But, in spite of her croaking voice, she came to the studio. Her dressing room is next door to Ann's and I spent part of the afternoon with her. When I asked Jane about Steve, she laughed and said: "I don't think Ann is marrying him today or tomorrow, but what happens later is anybody's guess."

PAULETTE GODDARD shares honors with Fred MacMurray in "Standing Room Only," the attraction coming to the Met Thursday.

Burlesque

The intriguing combination of "Legs and Laughter" gets under way at the Globe at midnight tonight, with the exotic Roxanne as the star of the beauty lineup.

Just as if Roxanne, a big favorite in Boston, were not enough to lure the boys, those top-notchers of comedy with a punch in every gag, will be Bert Carr and Harry Conley.

At the Old Howard, Charlotte Vogue, Billy Foster, Irma Lee and Mandy Kaye are the foursome who take the spotlight. Frances White and a host of big name vaudeville acts, together with films, round out the new bill.

New Shows

Continued from Page 13

soap operas for the radio who gets fed up on this inane occupation. She falls asleep and dreams that she is Scheherazade, confronted with the problem of telling tales to the Sultan. Ought to keep the old boy awake!

★ ★ ★

A WEEK FROM tomorrow night Edward Chodorov's drama, "Decision," will reopen the too long closed Copley. It has rightly taken its place, both here on a prior visit, and in New York as one of the really fine plays of our time.

G. Albert Smith appears as the beleaguered school teacher, whose soldier son returns from the war to find his family the victims of the local Fasciti. Among the other principals will be Judith Abbott (daughter of producer George Abbott), Evelyn Ellis and Coburn Goodwin.

Mollie Rapport
Electric Needle Specialist
introduced the Short Wave Method to Boston from Hollywood. This method kills the root of the hair in 1-20 of a second. It saves time and money to consult MOLLIE RAPPORT. She has had over 22 years of experience in removing superfluous hair safely and permanently, sterilizing the hair cell to prevent further growth. She uses both single and multiple needles and is also a teacher of electrolysis. Physicians' references. Consultation free.
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A TIP
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NEIGHBORHOOD SUNDAY MOVIE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON
ARL. 1197
REGENT — Bob Hope-Betty Hutton "LET'S FACE IT" — Dennis O'Keefe-Margo "THE LODGER AND MAN"
KENMORE SQ.—BACK BAY
KENMORE COMMONWEALTH 0775 — JEAN ARTHUR — "A Lady Takes a Chance" — WARNER WILLIAM — PASSPORT TO SUEZ
HUNTINGTON AVE. CIRCLE 4500 — ANN SOTHERN-JAMES CRAIG — "SWING SHIFT MAISIE" — Late "GHOST SHIP"
BOSTON
SOUTH STATION — 2½ HOUR PROGRAM — LABOR FRONT • TASK FORCE •
BROOKLINE
COOLIDGE CORNER — BROOKLINE VILLAGE
Fran. Tone-Ella Raines — "PHANTOM LADY" — Allan Jones-Kitty Carlisle — "LARCENY WITH MUSIC"
Cont. 1:30-11 P.M. — "AROUND THE WORLD" — Tarzan's Desert Mystery — Latest March of Time
CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY — HARVARD SQ. — KI. 6-5510 — Olivia De HAVILLAND — "Government Girl" — SONNY TUFTS — Callins Dr. BEATTY
LECHMERE — R. Bellamy-Evelyn Ankers — The Great Impersonation — John Hubbard—"SECRETS OF THE UNDERWORLD"
CHARLESTOWN
CHELSEA THOMPSON SQ. 0080 — NOW PLAYING — Mae West-Victor Moore — "THE HEAT'S ON"
Allan Jones - Jane Vincent — "SING A JINGLE"
MOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1448 — Mae West-Victor Moore — "THE HEAT'S ON"
Allan Jones - Jane Vincent — "SING A JINGLE"
DORCHESTER
DORCHESTER — GENEVA 9700 — Franchot Tone - Ella Raines — "PHANTOM LADY" — E. Bryan-C. McCarthy — "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"
HAMILTON — Rich. Arlen-Wm. Bartle — "SUBMARINE ALERT" — Errol Flynn — "Desperate Journey" — Ronald Reagan
ADAMS — 6 ENsva 2080 — CONTINUOUS — Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers — "TOP HAT"
Margo-J. Carradine—"GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW"
DORCHESTER—MATTAPAN
MAGNET — Andrews Sisters — "SWINGTIME JOHNNY" — "PHANTOM LADY" — CONT. 1:00-11 — GEN. 2200 — "WITH THE MARINES AT TARAWA"
DORCHESTER—MEDFORD
UPHAMS — SUZIE — MARSHA HUNT — JOHN HUBBARD — BOY FROM STALINGRAD — LEO GORCEY — GHOSTS ON LEAVE
EVERETT
EVE. 7000 — CAPITOL — PARK 1261
"WOMAN OF THE TOWN" 3:25—6:13—9:01 — Victory Through Air Power 2:13—5:01—7:49
Betty Grable-John Paine — "SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES" — "Thunderbirds"
EVERETT (Cont.)
RIALTO — Judy Garland-Van Heflin — "PRESENTING LILY MARS" — "UNDERCOVER MAN"
MALDEN
GRANADA — CONT. 1:30 to 11 — MAL. 7654 — Free Parking — R. McDowall-Donald Crisp — "Lassie Come Home"-Jean Davis-"Beautiful But Broke"
STRAND — CONTINUOUS 1:45-11 — MAL. 7654 — Free Parking — Merle Oberon-Geo. Sanders-Laird Cregar — "THE LODGER" — "swingtime Johnny"
MYSTIC — CONTINUOUS 1:45-11 P.M. — MAL. 7654 — Free Parking — E. Tone - A. Curtis - "PHANTOM LADY" — Allan Jones-J. Vincent—"SING A JINGLE"
ORPHEUM — MAT. 1:45 — EVE. 7-11 — SAT. SUN. HOL. CONT. — Marsha Hunt-Alex. Knox—"NONE SHALL ESCAPE" — Olsen and Johnson "CRAZY HOUSE"
AUDITORIUM — CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11 P. M. — Cary Grant-J. Garfield - "DESTINATION TOKYO" - News and Selected Shorts
MAPLEWOOD — CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11 P. M. — Red Skelton-Ann Rutherford—"Whistling in Brooklyn" — Nils Asther-Ruth Terry—"MYSTERY BROADCAST"
MATTAPAN
MATTAPAN — Tom Conway "The 7th Victim" — Olivia DeHavilland 'Princess O'Rourke' Robert Cummings
MEDFORD
MEDFORD — BETTE DAVIS "OLD ACQUAINTANCE" — MYS. 1800 — Cont. 1 to 11 — Richard Arlen "MINESWEEPER"
NORTH STATION
LANCASTER — On Stage Tonite — Uncle Ned's Varieties — CHINA—"Campus Rhythm"
QUINCY
STRAND CHA. 4500 QUINCY — Olivia DeHavilland "GOVERNMENT GIRL" — Jim. Lydon-Chas. Smith — Henry Aldrich Boy Scout — M. Oberon-Geo. Sanders "THE LODGER" — A Curie-C. Butterworth "SULTAN'S DAUGHTER"
REVERE
REVERE BEACH 2700 — BOULEVARD BEACH 2400 — Walter Huston - Anne Baxter — THE NORTH STAR — Plus! — SWINGTIME JOHNNY
SOMERVILLE
TEELE SQ. SOMERVILLE BROADWAY — Tom Neal-Evelyn Keyes-Bruce Bennett — "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER" — Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce — "SPIDER WOMAN"
SOUTH END
NATIONAL — CONT. 12:30-11:00 — Uncle Ned's Varieties — "So Proudly We Hail" "ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID"
WATERTOWN
WATERTOWN SQ. — WAT. 2020 — Ann Sothern-James Craig—"SWING SHIFT MAISIE" — "DOUGHBOYS IN IRELAND"
WINCHESTER
WINCHESTER — THE FIGHTING SEABEES — John Wayne-Susan Hayward — A. Dekker-"THE WOMAN OF THE TOWN"-C. Trevor
WINTHROP—DEDHAM
WINTHROP — STATE — COMMUNITY
Merle Oberon-G. Sanders — "THE LODGER" — 'Henry Aldrich Boy Scout'
J. Weissmuller-N. Kelly — 'Tarzan's Desert Mystery' — "THE HEAT'S ON"

"ALLAH BE PRAISED!"
. . . and PATRICIA MORISON, too says MADAME YVONNE of the lovely star of the musical hit "ALLAH BE PRAISED" now at Shubert Theatre

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Madame Yvonne's "Beauty Center for the Stars"
127 TREMONT ST (Opp. Park St.) HUB. 0846

Heroes in South Pacific

Continued from Page 11

pany office as a clerk when the names of the men were placed in an old cigar box for selection. The office is in a tent and all those who could squeeze in were there.

"I thought then that I wasn't paying much attention. But I look back now and can remember every detail of that drawing. I can see Lieut Eaton, our executive officer, dipping his hand into the box and stirring the paper chits. There were many, many names. Only 12 were to be selected for the first trip home.

"The lieutenant came to the fifth name and yelled out, 'Pvt. George Miller.' He called my name a second time before I answered, 'You're kidding.'

"'No, I'm not,' the lieutenant replied. 'Come on over and have a look for yourself.' And I did."

I ASKED Miller if he hadn't gotten a thrill out of that longsought chance to go home.

"No, I had the opposite reaction," he replied. "I felt kind of let down. It's difficult to explain. After being away for so long—well, you become adjusted to just going on.

"A lot of things have happened since I left home. One of my brothers, Abraham, is also in the Army. He's been married and has a child, Ellen Lee, whom I've never seen."

Asked if he'd met any fellow from home while in New Guinea, Miller said he had met Arthur Gallant, a boyhood chum, and Eddie Baker, also of Chelsea.

"Do your folks know you're going home?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I haven't told them."

So this is the first news to Miller's folks that he soon will be back in the States and headed for the home fireside.

Shopnick, a newcomer in this area, has been here three and a half weeks at the time of our talk. In civilian life he was production man for a shoe company in South st., Boston. He was drafted last July.

SHOPNICK and Miller both said that one of the civil life habits they miss out here is reading the Boston Daily Record in the evening. It was their custom after a movie, they said, to have coffee and pie in Bellingham sq., Chelsea, and peruse the Record before going to bed.

Back from a New Guinea base, where he'd spent 10 months building air strips for our fighting planes, Lieut. Johnny Kewer of the Navy arrived here on the day this is written. Johnny is the former Boston lawyer, living in Jamaica Plain.

There was one incident of his stay at the base, he said, which will remain in his memory book as one of the lighter spots, contrasted with the miseries of mud and rain and of bombing.

A native mother and father requested a baptismal ceremony for one of their youngsters. The padre obliged, and Kewer acted as godfather. Then it was discovered that the father and mother had never been formally married. So there was another ceremony, with Kewer turning around and acting this time as best man.

War is filled with little incongruities.

Justice and Bluebeard Landru

Continued from Page 4

lingerie were found in the garage at the Villa Gambais.

Articles of Mme. Colomb's clothing were found in the villa. Also Andre Bardelay's wartime identity card and lingerie.

Mme. Pascal's false teeth had been sold by Landru for 15 francs. (He insisted that the teeth were his father's, and that Mme. Pascal's were gold-filled and would have brought at least 60 francs.)

Mme. Pascal's pet cat had been found buried in the garden at Gambais, strangled with a silken cord.

Mme. Marchandier's three dogs were found buried in the garden, similarly strangled.

Fernande Segret, 29 at the time of the trial, carefully avoided Landru's gaze during most of the testimony. When she finally looked at him, she swooned in the witness box. However, she refused to testify against him, saying, "He was always affectionate and respectful to me, and quite normal. I loved him and would have married him. He showed delicate attentions to my mother and used to bring her flowers."

But the prosecution revealed that, while courting Fernande, he had already become engaged to Jeanne Falque, from who he had managed to borrow 2000 francs.

TO climax the array of circumstantial evidence, a prosecution expert produced 250 fragments of human bones from the ashes of the cookstove at Villa Gambais. He asserted that 147 of these were fragments of human skulls. Another expert testified that the soot in the chimney contained a high content of fat.

An ash heap had yielded up bits of half-melted corset ribs and buttons from women's clothing.

One closet had contained scores of small bottles and vials that had, according to experts, contained tissue-destroying fluids.

Neighbors testified that they had often seen dense clouds of smoke coming from the villa.

Experiments with the cookstove showed that quantities of flesh could be burned there in small pieces.

After 23 days of trial, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to die under the knife in front of the Versailles jail at dawn, Feb. 25, 1922. He took the news quietly, standing half-bowed while the courtroom crowd behaved, as he himself might have phrased it, like a lot of damn fools.

The beheading, supervised by Anatole Deibler, who had performed more than 300 executions in his career, went through with Deibler's customary neat efficiency. From the time that Landru, wearing only a neckless shirt and a pair of cheap dark trousers, first appeared in the jail courtyard, until his head rolled into the basket, only 26 seconds had elapsed.

RADIO LOG

WEEI 590-K	WHDH 850-K	WORL 950-K	WBZ 1030-K	WCOP 1150-K	WNAC 1260-K	WMEX 1510-K

Programs in CAPS Are Today's Best Bets; **Bold Face,** Commentator

6:00 A. M.
WBZ—Military Band
6:15 A. M.
WBZ—Gypsy Serenade
6:30 A. M.
WBZ—Children's
6:45 A. M.
WBZ—Dave Rose's Or.
7:00 A. M.
WBZ—News, Music
7:15 A. M.
WBZ—Concert Hall
8:00 A. M.
WBZ—Waltz Invitation
WEEI—News, Organ Music
WHDH—Christian Endeavor
WNAC—Church of the Air
WCOP—Happy Jack Smith
WORL—Voice of Greece
8:15 A. M.
WBZ, WHDH—News
8:25 A. M.
WBZ—Weather Forecast
8:30 A. M.
WBZ—"Boone County"
WEEI—Song Circle
WHDH—Nazarene Church
WNAC—Radio Carollers
WMEX—Wake Up Smiling
WORL—Hits in Lieu
8:45 A. M.
WHDH—Around the Table
WNAC—News
WCOP—Lutheran Matins
9:00 A. M.
WEEI—World Today
WNAC—Rev. John Zoller
WBZ—News Roundup
WHDH—Newscast
WCOP—Arabian Program
WORL—Voice of Albania
9:15 A. M.
WEEI—E. Power Biggs
WBZ—Church School
WMEX—Home of Truth
WHDH—Fisher Show
9:30 A. M.
WBZ—String Quartet
WORL—Lithuanian Balsas
WNAC—Voice of Prophecy
WCOP—News, Music
9:45 A. M.
WCOP—Italian Music
WEEI—SACRED HEART
WMEX—Farson Elliott
10:00 A. M.
WEEI—Church of the Air
WBZ—Radio Pulpit
WHDH—Israel Varieties
WNAC—Bible Class
WCOP—Italian Hour
10:15 A. M.
WMEX—Modern Music
10:30 A. M.
WBZ—Words and Music
WEEI—Wings Over Jordan
WHDH—Park St. Church
WNAC—Weather, Music
WCOP—Trumpeters
WORL—Polish Program
10:45 A. M.
WMEX—Christian Science
WORL—Treasury Show
11:00 A. M.
WEEI—Warren Sweeney
WCOP—Preacher Knudsten
WBZ—Temple Israel
WORL—News
WNAC—Morning Service
11:05 A. M.
WEEI—Blue Jacket Choir
11:15 A. M.
WORL—Marine Corps Show
11:30 A. M.
WBZ—Labor Speaker
WEEI—Learning Invitation
WORL—OPA Parade
11:45 A. M.
WBZ—Little Betsy Ross
WORL—Newton Salute
12 NOON
WEEI, WBZ, WMEX—News
WHDH—Italian Music
WNAC—Reviewing Stand
WORL—News, Music
12:05 P. M.
WBZ—Weather, Music
12:15 P. M.
WEEI—Irving McDonald
WBZ—Treasury Parade
WHDH—World News
WMEX—Vocal Spotlight
12:30 P. M.
WEEI—Transatlantic Call
WBZ—"Stradivari"
WMEX—Italian Music
WHDH—Yesterday Matinee
WNAC—Catholic Truth
WORL—The 920 Club
1:00 P. M.
WEEI—"From a Window"
WBZ, WNAC—News
WHDH—Village Carmen
WMEX—Haldon Drama
WCOP—Poland Echoes
WORL—News, the 920 Club
1:15 P. M.
WEEI—Raytheon Revue
WNAC—Happy Herb Lewis
WBZ—Listen for Victory
WHDH—"Magic Carpet"
WMEX—Italian Melodies
1:30 P. M.
WEEI—Edward Murrow
WHDH—Song Cavalcade
WNAC—Lutheran Hour
WBZ—ROUND TABLE
WMEX—Joseph Tali Hour
WORL—Meet the Maestro
1:45 P. M.
WEEI—Talk
2:00 P. M.
WBZ—"These We Love"
WNAC—Pilgrim Hour
WMEX—Frank and Ernst
WEEI—Ceiling Unlimited
WCOP—Voice of Greece
WORL—News, Music
2:15 P. M.
WMEX—Concert Music
2:30 P. M.
WEEI—World News
WBZ—JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, Baritone
WORL—Parade of Hits
WMEX—Christian Science
WCOP—Hellenic Dawn
WHDH—Sweetnothings
2:45 P. M.
WHDH—Newscast
2:55 P. M.
WEEI—Songs of America
3:00 P. M.
WEEI—New York Symphony
WBZ—World Parade
WHDH—LIFE OF RILEY
WNAC—Thanks to America
WORL—News, Music
WCOP—Jim Jerace
WMEX—Scandinavian Music
3:05 P. M.
WORL—"Clear the Lines"
3:15 P. M.
WCOP—University Speaker
3:30 P. M.
WBZ—ARMY HOUR
WNAC—Two Cities Quiz
WMEX—St. Anthony Hour
WHDH—"Hot Copper"
3:45 P. M.
WCOP—Belgian Program
WCOP—Peasant Hill Church
4:00 P. M.
WMEX—Pilgrim Hour
WNAC—WIDE HORIZONS
WHDH—Roll of Hits
WORL—News, Music
4:15 P. M.
WCOP—Reverie Mission
4:30 P. M.
WEEI—NOTRE DAME-LANETZ MUSIC
WBZ—Lands of the Free
WNAC—Cavalcade of Drama
WHDH—"Metropolitan Auditions of the Air"
5:00 P. M.
WHDH—Mary Small Revue
WEEI—FAMILY HOUR
WBZ—NBC Symphony
WNAC—GREEN VALLEY
WMEX—Rosary Hour
WCOP—Stunt Club
WORL—Coast Guard Show
5:30 P. M.
WNAC—"The Shadow"
WHDH—STEELMAKERS
WORL—The 920 Club
WCOP—Sunday Serenade
5:45 P. M.
WEEI—Women from Nowhere
WCOP—Sermon Service
6:00 P. M.
WBZ—The Catholic Hour
WEEI—Silver Theater
WHDH—HALL OF FAME
WNAC—"Rocky-AAF"
WMEX—Tremont Temple
WORL—News, Music
WCOP—Solemn Evening Song
6:15 P. M.
WORL—Youth Council
6:30 P. M.
WEEI—American in the Air
WBZ—"Gildersleeve"
WNAC—Upton Close
WMEX—AVE MARIA
WORL—The Crusade
WCOP—News, Music
6:45 P. M.
WNAC—Baseball News
WCOP—American Legion
7:00 P. M.
WBZ—JACK BENNY
WHDH—Drew Pearson
WEEI—William Shirer.
WNAC—"Revival Hour"
WCOP—Baptist Church
WMEX—"Revival Hour"
7:15 P. M.
WHDH—Dorothy Thompson
WEEI—Perry Como, Songs
7:30 P. M.
WEEI—We, the People.
WBZ—The Bandwagon
WHDH—QUIZ KIDS
WCOP—Park St. Church
7:55 P. M.
WBZ—Tom Reddy
8:00 P. M.
WEEI—Star and Story
WHDH—Greenfield Choir
WBZ—EDGAR BERGEN
WMEX—Quincy Central Baptist Church Service
WNAC—Meditation Board
8:15 P. M.
WHDH—Norman Cloutier
8:30 P. M.
WEEI—"Crime Doctor"
WBZ—"One Man's Family"
WHDH—"SWEEPAKEE"
8:45 P. M.
WNAC—Gabriel Heatter
WCOP—Reformed Victory
8:55 P. M.
WEEI—Ned Calmer, News
9:00 P. M.
WEEI—RADIO READER'S DIGEST, DRAMA
WHDH—Stalter Herbell
WBZ—Merry-Go-Round
WNAC—Cleveland Symphony
WMEX—Good Tidings Hour
WCOP—Air Theater
9:15 P. M.
WHDH—RADIN STREET
9:30 P. M.
WBZ—Familiar Music
WEEI—FRED ALLEN
9:45 P. M.
WHDH—Jimmy Fidler
10:00 P. M.
WEEI—PHIL BAKER
WNAC—Cedric Foster
WBZ—Hour of Charm
WHDH—Music in Review
WMEX—Five-Star News
WCOP—The Army Voice
10:15 P. M.
WMEX—Irish Melodies
WNAC—Goodwill Hour
WCOP—Treasury Salute
10:30 P. M.
WEEI—"THE THIN MAN"
WBZ—Bob Crosby Show
WMEX—Pan Americana
WHDH—Musical Autograph
WCOP—News and Music
10:45 P. M.
WMEX—The Army Voice
11:00 P. M.
WEEI, WBZ, WNAC, WHDH—News
WMEX—Frances Langford
WCOP—Music for You
11:05 P. M.
WBZ—Weather Forecast
11:10 P. M.
WEEI—Musical Weather
11:15 P. M.
WHDH—Curtain Calls
WEEI—Unrationed Jam
WBZ—News of the World
WNAC—"Revival Hour"
WMEX—Told Grant
11:30 P. M.
WBZ—The Pacific Story
WMEX—"Day's End Music"
WEEI—Sammy Kaye
11:45 P. M.
WHDH—Ted Pierito's Or.
11:50 P. M.
WMEX—News Summary
11:55 P. M.
WHDH—Night News
WMEX—Freedom House
12 MIDNIGHT
WEEI—News, Dance Music
WBZ—News, Dance Music
WHDH—Silver Nocturne

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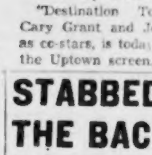

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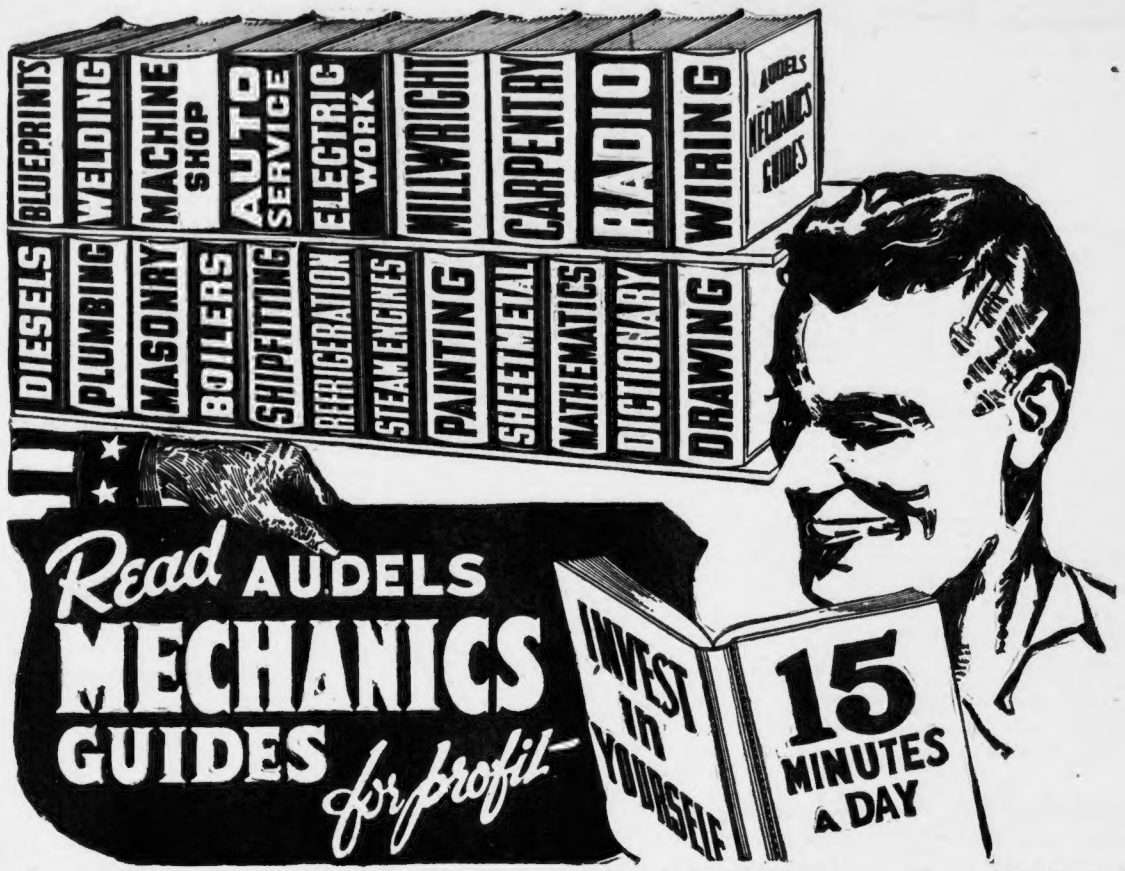

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